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STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

THE WINNING TRICK
OR HOW A BOY MADE HIS MARK

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



He beat out the fire and carried her forward a short distance toward safety. Alternately he worked the senseless girls toward the end of the long room, with the flames now in control of the floor, reaching out hungrily after him.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 935

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1923

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1924

THE WINNING TRICK

OR, HOW A BOY MADE HIS MARK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Which Introduces Three Important Characters.

"Please let me past, Mr. Jarvis," said a pretty but plainly clad girl in a tone of remonstrance, as she stepped back and endeavored to walk around a well-dressed but not over-prepossessing boy of seventeen years who had deliberately placed himself in her path.

"I've got something to say to you, Jessie Fairweather," answered the boy, changing his position so as to block her progress.

"But I want to go home," persisted the girl, firmly.

"Pcoh! You've lots of time. It's only half-past five."

"It's getting dark, and you have no right to detain me," protested the girl, with no little indignation.

"You ought to be glad to be seen talking to me," said the youth, loftily.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to annoy me in this way."

"Who's annoying you? You're only a factory girl."

"I'm not ashamed of that fact. I suppose you consider yourself a gentleman?" the girl said, scornfully.

"Of course I'm a gentleman," said the boy, elevating his chin proudly. "I don't have to work, and my father is the most important man in this town."

"Then if you are a gentleman, you will allow me to pass," she said in response to Master Lewis' lofty assertion.

"All right," agreed Lewis, "if you promise to let me see you home."

"I prefer to go home alone," making another effort to get by him.

"Not when you can get that pauper Will Somers to go along with you," cried the boy, angrily, suddenly seizing her by the wrist.

At that moment a gate near at hand swung open, and a boy about his own age, with a bright, manly face, which, however, was somewhat disfigured by the grime of the engine-room, clad in a pair of overalls and a check jumper, came out, wheeling an iron barrow filled with ashes and clinkers.

"Let go my hand, Mr. Jarvis!" cried Jessie, stamping her little foot resentfully.

"Will you let me go home with you?"
"No!" she cried, with a defiant toss of her head.
"Then you can't go until I choose to let you!" he retorted, angrily.

"How dare you treat me in this manner?" she cried, with flashing eyes.

"Because I choose to do so." The boy in the overalls and jumper had seen Lewis Jarvis grab Jessie Fairweather by the wrist, and easily overheard all that followed. His natural chivalry toward the fair sex told him it was time to interfere, even without reference to the fact that he looked upon the girl as a particular friend. So he dropped the wheelbarrow, stepped up to the son of Northport's magnate, and laying his hand on his shoulders, said, with quiet determination:

"I think you had better let Miss Fairweather go home if she wants to."

Lewis started back in some little trepidation, for he knew he was in the wrong, and Jessie took advantage of the moment to snatch her hand from his grasp. But when he recognized who it was that had interfered his brow grew as black as thunder-gust, and he snorted:

"What do you mean, you pauper! How dare you lay your dirty hand on me!"

"I interfered because you were annoying Miss Fairweather," said the newcomer in straightforward tones, and he raised his soft felt hat politely to the girl.

"You common fireman! I've a good mind to—" He doubled up his fists in a threatening manner, but the calm, undaunted look which the other gave him convinced Lewis that discretion was the better part of valor. As Lewis Jarvis turned on his heel and strode away, his small mind brooding upon the retaliation he hoped to be able to inflict on the boy who had dared to cross him, Jessie walked up to Will, and holding out her hand, said:

"I hope you will understand that I am very grateful to you for what you did for me, and I trust you will not get into any trouble over it."

"Don't worry about that, Jessie; I'm not afraid of anything Lewis Jarvis can do with such a lame excuse to work upon. I am very glad I was able to be of service to you, for there is no girl I would sooner—"

And then he stopped in embarrassment.

THE WINNING TRICK

"Thank you," she answered, with just the suspicion of a blush. "Isn't it most time for you to go home?"

"Yes; if you wouldn't mind waiting a few minutes I'll be happy to escort you home," he said eagerly.

"I'll wait, for it's getting quite dark now, and I should be glad to have you with me."

Five minutes later they left the yard of the engine-house together.

CHAPTER II.—In Which Lewis Jarvis, Having Failed to Get Square with Will Somers, Decides to Even Up Things with Jessie Fairweather.

Superintendent Harper of the Northport Cotton Mills was in his office on the morning following the affair mentioned in the previous chapter, when Squire Jarvis walked in unannounced.

"Good-morning, Mr. Harper," said the magnate, blandly.

"Good-morning, Squire Jarvis," answered the superintendent.

"I would like to speak to you about a certain matter."

"Well, Squire Jarvis, in what way can I be of service to you?" asked the superintendent, wheeling about in his chair.

"Ahem! I'm sorry that I have to make a serious complaint against one of your employees," began the nabob somewhat brusquely.

"Indeed! I regret to hear that such is the reason of your visit. Who is the person to whom you refer, and what is the nature of the offense?"

"I will explain, sir. My son Lewis happened to be in this neighborhood last evening at half-past five, which is the hour the mill shuts down for the day, I believe."

The superintendent nodded.

"He stopped to speak to one of the girls—her name is Fairweather. I believe—when a boy by the name of Somers, employed in the engine-room, came up, and laying one of his greasy hands on my son's clean clothes, broke up the interview by saying it was time for the girl to go home. Lewis very properly resented this unwarranted interference, whereupon the Somers boy insulted him in a gross manner."

"I am sorry to hear you bring such a charge against young Somers, Squire Jarvis. Are you sure there isn't some mistake? Will Somers is the brightest boy in this establishment, and is noted for his gentlemanly conduct."

"No mistake whatever," answered the squire, positively. "My son stated the case very fairly to me. I judged from his manner that he rather underestimated the gravity of the offense, being unwilling, no doubt, to have his aggressor too severely punished, which is to his credit. As a large stockholder is this company, I wish you to understand that I cannot permit my son to be insulted by one of the employees. I therefore request that you will immediately discharge this Somers boy."

"I will take the matter under consideration, Squire Jarvis," politely responded the superintendent. "The charge will be investigated. It is only fair that young Somers be given a hear-

ing in his own defense. I will also hear what Miss Fairweather has to say about it. Tell your son to call here at two o'clock this afternoon and I will listen to his side of the question. If I find that Will Somers has not treated your son fairly I will see that he is disciplined."

"I should think, Mr. Harper, that my statement of the case ought to be sufficient," said the nabob, pompously. "My son would not lie to me. He has too much respect for himself and the position he occupies in society to make a charge not founded on fact. I may say this is not the first time this Somers boy has failed in according my son the respect to which he is entitled."

"It is a rule of mine never to proceed against any employee without having thoroughly sifted the evidence in the case. As a lawyer you understand that every one, no matter how humble his or her position, is entitled to an equal show of justice."

"Very well," responded the nabob, stiffly. "I shall expect that you will look into this thing at once. As soon as the Somers boy's offense has been shown to your satisfaction I look to you to discharge him immediately."

Superintendent Harper made so reply to this, and the squire, taking his silence in an affirmative sense, rose from the chair, bowed coldly and left the office.

"This isn't at all like Will Somers," muttered Mr. Harper, after he had sent to the engine-room for the boy. "Young Jarvis has evidently exaggerated the affair to suit his own views."

Will presently reported at the superintendent's office, clad in his overalls and jumper, and his bright, manly, young face favorably impressed the official whose duty it was to pass on the merits of the alleged difficulty.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Harper?" asked the lad, modestly.

"Yes, Will. I regret to say a charge has been made against you by Squire Jarvis. He has just left."

"I expected it," replied the boy, cheerfully. "Lewis Jarvis and I had a run-in last night about closing time, and he threatened to tell his father and have me discharged."

The superintendent smiled good-naturedly.

"I will hear what you have to say about it," he said, kindly.

Will at once rehearsed the cause of the trouble, and referred to Jessie Fairweather for corroboration of his story. Mr. Harper nodded, as if he put a good deal of faith in the boy's statement.

"I will send for the lady in the case," he said, genially. "You may return to the engine-room. Rest assured you will be treated with perfect fairness."

Jessie Fairweather was called down from the operating room, and she backed Will's story with an earnestness that called up a smile to the superintendent's face.

"I see you have a friendly feeling for Will Somers," he said.

"I have," she replied, without any embarrassment. "He has been very kind to mother and myself, and I'm sure I like him very much."

"That is all, Miss Fairweather."

"You don't think he will be discharged for taking my part, do you, sir?" she asked, anxiously.

"I don't think you need worry about that," he replied, with a quizzical smile.

"Thank you."

Much against his will, Lewis Jarvis called on the superintendent that afternoon and gave his story of the difficulty. His statement showed so much personal rancor against Will that the brief cross-examination to which he was subjected convinced Mr. Harper that there was no ground on which to proceed against Will in the matter, and accordingly he dismissed the charge, writing a note to Squire Jarvis to that effect. Lewis was very much dissatisfied with the outcome of the affair. Having failed to get square with Will Somers, he now transferred a portion of his enmity to Jessie Fairweather.

"She's a stuck-up thing for a poor mill hand," he said to himself with an air of disgust, as he was retiring for the night. "I'd like to take her down a peg or two. I believe she's stuck on that mechanic, and he acts as if he was gone on her. If I could only manage to get her fired from the factory 'twould make them both feel sore, and so I could kill two birds with one stone. I know what I'll do. Tessie Rickson is jealous of her. She likes Somers herself. Perhaps I can put something into Tessie's head that'll give her a chance to get that Fairweather girl into trouble. She'll grab at such a scheme in a minute. If it works, it'll be all right; if it doesn't, and Tessie gets into trouble over it, why, that'll be her lookout. In any case I don't risk anything. I'll see her to-morrow. It'll be a cold day when things don't come my way."

With that charitable reflection he hopped into bed and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER III.—In Which Lewis Jarvis Interviews Tessie Rickson, and Afterwards Hears Something that Gives Him Great Satisfaction.

The factory hands had an hour for lunch, and most of the girls went home for the midday meal. Tessie Rickson was one of these, and Lewis Jarvis, in accordance with his amiable intentions toward Jessie Fairweather took care to meet her as if by accident on the way to her father's cottage. Miss Rickson was a tall, somewhat angular young person, with red hair, which, however, she referred to as auburn, a freckled face, a vinegary-looking mouth and a turned-up nose. While she wasn't prepared to admit even to herself what other people could see with half an eye—that she was decidedly plain, so far as looks were concerned—she was jealous of every girl who received more attention from the boys than herself.

She was particularly down on Jessie Fairweather because everybody said Jessie was the prettiest girl in Northport, and because she (Tessie) was somewhat sweet on Will Somers, and all the other girls said Jessie was Will's sweetheart. Had she been mentally capable of originating any plan to get square with the captain's daughter she would have put it into practice long ago. Fortunately, her powers in that direction were rather limited. But she was mean and reckless enough to put into execution any scheme that might be suggested to her that had for its

object the humiliation of Jessie Fairweather. Consequently, as Lewis Jarvis had surmised, she was an easy tool for him to use.

"Good-afternoon, Tessie," said Lewis, taking off his hat to her.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Jarvis," she replied, pleased to be addressed by the nabob's son.

"I s'pose you don't object to my company for a little way, do you?" he said, with a smirk, intended to be fetching.

"Not at all; on the contrary, I shall consider it an honor," she answered, hoping some of her girl friends would see her walking with the magnate's son, and that the sight would make them turn green with jealousy.

"It's too bad that such a pretty girl as you should have to work on such a pleasant day," proceeded the astute Master Jarvis, with a polite grin.

"Isn't it?" cried Tessie, in a discontented tone. "However, I don't expect to work always, Mr. Jarvis."

"Sure you won't. Some rich young fellow, like myself, for instance, will come along and snap you up when you aren't thinking."

"I'm afraid the other girls would all be jealous of me, then," said Tessie, delighted at the suggestion, which had not occurred to her before.

"I guess they would, especially Jessie Fairweather. I hear she doesn't like you for a cent," said Lewis, artfully, "and doesn't care who knows it."

"I hate her!" snapped Miss Rickson, vindictively.

"She isn't so much, though she seems to think half the boys are crazy over her," continued the boy. "Do you think she's so pretty?"

"No. I don't; do you?" asked Tessie, with compressed lips.

"Not by a jugful. I like the color of your hair much better than hers."

"Do you really? You are making fun of me, ain't you?" she asked, doubtfully.

"I'm not. Her hair is nice enough in its way, but yours is the most fashionable shade. I heard my mother say so."

A whopper or two by the boy did not worry his conscience a great deal when they assisted him in the attainment of some object he had in view. Miss Rickson was very pleased to hear that Mrs. Jarvis, the leader of Northport society, had actually noticed and favorably commented on her hair. She would take care that all the girls she knew should hear about it.

"If I were you I wouldn't stand for Jessie Fairweather going about and telling the other girls that you had caroty hair and—"

"Did she say that?" almost gasped Tessie, with flashing eyes.

"Not only caroty hair," added Lewis, smothering a grin with his hand, "but freckles as large as warts—"

The idea!" screamed Miss Rickson, now as mad as a hornet. "The mean, artful creature!"

"That isn't all," went on Lewis, in his soft way. "I suppose you wouldn't believe she said your mouth was big enough to eat snowballs?"

"I'll get square with her for that," snapped the thoroughly enraged girl, clenching her coarse, brown hands.

"That's right. I wouldn't let any one crow

THE WINNING TRICK

over or make fun of me," said Lewis, egging the poor, deluded girl on. "I heard she was making fun of you before Will Somers the other night. Said you were only a bundle of bones—she was afraid to touch you for fear you'd rattle, and somebody might think one of the machines was out of order."

"Oh, I'll fix her, the flaxen-haired thing!" exclaimed Tessie, furiously.

"Look here," said Lewis, tapping her on the shoulder, "do you know what a girl once did to another girl who talked about her in that way?"

"No, I don't; what did she do?" asked Miss Rickson, with some interest.

"She got her fired from the shop where they both worked."

"Served her right. I'd give a good deal to get that washed-out blonde discharged from our place."

"This girl managed, somehow or other, to have a purse that did not belong to her found in one of the other girl's pockets. She was accused of the theft, and as she couldn't prove she didn't take it, she was thrown out by the boss. It ought to be easy to work a thing like that. Now, mind, I don't tell you to do it—you've got too kind a heart to do anything like that, I know."

"Oh, yes," gritted the furious maiden, grasping at the idea like a drowning man at a straw. "I'm too kind-hearted. I wouldn't think of doing such a thing. But how do you know this pasty-faced Miss Fairweather would not steal the purse if she got the chance?"

"That's a fact," admitted Lewis, humoring her.

"And if t'was found on her 'twould show she was really a thief, wouldn't it?"

"Sure it would," snickered Lewis, now feeling sure of the girl.

"I wouldn't be surprised if something like that actually did happen. We girls are very careless with our purses. If I should miss mine I'll know whom to accuse."

By that time they had reached the gate of the poor-looking Rickson cottage, and Lewis was on the point of bidding the girl good-by, when Jock Rickson, her father, appeared at the door, and asked him if he would not walk in, as he wanted to see him about a matter of importance. Young Jarvis was not anxious for an interview with Tessie's father, but as he saw no way out of it, he followed the girl into the house. While she repaired to the dining-room to get her dinner, the old man led Lewis into the darkened sitting-room, and asked him to sit down near his old mahogany escritoire. Job Rickson looked older than he really was. He was thin and spare like his daughter, with closely cropped corrugated hair and freckled features. He was mean and miserly by disposition, and though he had a fat account in the town savings bank, he always declared he was not worth a cent. He kept his house and property in poor shape so as to hoodwink the assessor, but after all he deceived nobody so much as himself. He often loaned money to his neighbors, on the best of security, of course. While the State law prevented him from exacting usurious interest, he had ways and means of getting around the law that were unique.

"Do you think your father would be willing to collect a note for me?" began Mr. Rickson.

"Sure! Why not? That's part of his business, isn't it?" said Lewis in some surprise.

"I thought I'd ask you, because this here note's been runnin' a long time, and I hain't made no great attempt to collect it, 'cause the party hain't any too well fixed, you see, and it kind of goes ag'in my grain to push poor people to the wall."

"The note isn't outlawed, is it?" asked Master Jarvis, suspiciously.

"No; not for four months yet."

"It's good, then. How much is it for?"

"Three hundred dollars. I really can't afford to lose so much money."

"Who is it against?"

"It is signed by Nat Somers. He's dead, you know; but I reckon his widder is responsible for it."

"Who did you say?" said Lewis, in some excitement. "Nat Somers, Will Somers' father?"

"You've got it jest right, young man," replied Mr. Rickson, nodding his head.

"You give me that note, Mr. Rickson," cried Lewis, jumping to his feet, "and my father'll collect it for you all right."

The old man promptly produced the note in question, and after the boy had looked it over to see that it was all right he started for his father's office.

"By the great hornspon!" he ejaculated. "This is luck. I don't believe Mrs. Somers will be able to pay it. This is where I have got the squeeze on that low-down mechanic, Will Somers. You'll put your greasy paws on me, will you? Oh, father and I won't do a thing to you this time, you pauper! I've got you where I want you now, and I'll make you eat humble pie, all right."

With this pious feeling in his mind he hurried along the street.

CHAPTER IV.—The Game of Chance.

As the Fairweather and Somers homesteads, of some five acres each, adjoined one another on the suburbs of Northport, it was quite the usual thing of late for Will and Jessie to go home together after their day's work. At closing time on the day that Master Jarvis had his interview with Tessie Rickson, Jessie found Will waiting for her at the gate.

"I'm on time to-night, all right," he said in a tone of satisfaction, as he bowed politely to several of the other girls passing out at the moment. "Are you glad?"

"I am afraid it will make you dreadfully conceited if I admit I am," said Jessie, with a tantalizing little laugh. "You boys do think such an awful lot of yourselves."

"Come, now, Jessie, you're too hard on us," remonstrated Will with a grin, as they started off together.

"Am I? Really. Why, I never look at Lewis Jarvis but I almost fancy the world isn't quite large enough to hold him comfortably," laughed the girl.

"Lewis Jarvis is in a class all by himself, so far as this town is concerned. I shouldn't feel at all flattered if you compared me with him."

"I certainly wouldn't think of doing such a thing. He isn't a real boy. And just think, he calls himself a gentleman, because he doesn't have to work and because his father is looked upon as one of the biggest men in town. A gentleman wouldn't act the way he did the night before last," said Jessie, scornfully.

"I should say not," answered Will, emphatically. "He didn't lose any time trying to get me bounced because I interfered in your behalf. But his pull didn't seem to work." He's mean enough to do most anything. Of course, he's got it in for me now, but I ain't afraid of anything he can do. There isn't anything against me at the mill, and I don't propose there shall be, as I make it a point to attend strictly to my business during working hours."

"Mother says you're bound to become a successful man if you live," said the girl, with a look of admiration at her escort.

"That's what I'm aiming for," replied the boy, with modest confidence.

"You intend to become an engineer, I suppose?"

"Certainly; but I don't mean to stop at that. One of these days I hope to own at least a part of a mill myself, and a thorough knowledge of the requirements of the engine-room ought to be of great value to the proprietor himself."

"You are aiming high, Will," said Jessie, with a smile.

"I think every young fellow ought to aim high in this world if he ever expects to land in a good place where he can make money."

"That's something many boys, Lewis Jarvis, for instance, don't feel called upon to worry about. The money is already provided for them in advance."

"All the same, I wouldn't change places with Lewis Jarvis. Money isn't everything, not by a long shot. It sometimes has wings and disappears all of a sudden. If he puts all his reliance in his father's wealth, and it should happen to get away from him one of these days after he has grown up, where will he be at?"

"I'm not good at guessing conundrums, Will," laughed the girl. "And that reminds me of a conundrum with which you are connected, and which I've been trying hard to solve ever since last winter."

"What's that, Jessie?" asked the boy, curiously.

"The girls all call it Will Somers' Folly whenever they speak about it."

"Oh, I know what you refer to now," grinned the boy, "and perhaps they may be right, though until the fact is proved I must beg to differ with them. I call it a game of chance—it's a toss-up whether I come out ahead or not; but I think the odds, if anything, should be in my favor, for I have worked the thing on a sort of scientific basis. While I feel confident I have gone the right way about it to reach results, it doesn't follow that I shall succeed. When dealing with such a treacherous proposition as the 'quaking bog,' as the people call it, or the ten-acre swamp-lot, as I call it, a fellow can't feel very sure where he's going to come out. Success means a good thing, Jessie; failure means—well, the loss of twenty-five dollars cash, and a great many hours of the hardest work I ever put in in my life. But, worst of all, it will mean the 'grand laugh' at my expense."

"Do let me into the secret, won't you?" said Jessie, persuasively. "For there is a secret, I know. You're too smart a boy to go into any scheme blindfolded. It isn't like you. It may be a game of chance, as you call it; but I'm certain there's some method in your madness."

"Well, Jessie, at least I had the advantage of one man's failure to give me a wrinkle before I went into the thing."

"It was such a total failure that I wonder you ever took up with it."

"That's what it was. When Mr. Rickson bought that swamp-lot at what he thought was a bargain, he was under the impression that all he had to do was to erect a strong dam across the outlet of the bog at the beginning of cold weather, and by confining the water which constantly soaked into the swamp from the springs and small streams from the ledgy hills above, overflow the lot. At first nobody, including myself, could understand what he was trying to get at."

"I remember," laughed Jessie; "but when the boom in ice began, and the papers were full of accounts of almost fabulous prices paid for 'ice privileges' which lay convenient for shipping, whether they were mill-ponds or fresh-water marshes, the object of Mr. Rickson's dam was apparent."

"Just so," agreed Will. "He intended to overflow the swamp and make a ten-acre pond. From the pond thus formed to the wharf below is about two hundred yards, and a descending grade all the way—so that by means of a cheap chute the ice, after having been marked out and cut into proper chunks, could be sent sliding down to the very verge of the wharf, there to be taken on board of vessels ready to receive it. It was a great scheme, wasn't it?"

"Yes; but, unfortunately for Mr. Rickson, it turned out a great failure."

"That's right. Still, how could he guess that the very effort he made to flood the surface of the lot would merely cause the swamp itself to rise until it was nearly level with the land around it."

"What made it act that way? One would naturally think that the incoming water, finding its escape cut off, would form a pond there."

"That's the way Mr. Rickson figured; but here's how he came to get left: The roots of the moss and matted grass of which the swamp was composed could find no holding ground in the soft black mud underneath, so that the inflowing water, finding itself deprived of its usual outlet by the dam, raised the whole mass with it. There was no lack of water, don't you see; but it was under the surface of the swamp, instead of overflowing it."

"What a shame!" giggled Jessie, as the ludicrous side of the affair came to her.

"Yes, it was tough on Mr. Rickson, who had expected to sell the ice privilege for several thousand dollars."

"I should think that ought to have been lesson enough for you," said Jessie, with an inquiring look.

"It was, only not in the sense you look at it. I admit I gave Mr. Rickson the laugh with the rest, and several times I visited the place to look at the 'sell.' It was on one of those occasions that an idea came to me. So I set my wits to

THE WINNING TRICK

work to put it into tangible shape. I studied the character of the swamp, and the result was satisfactory. Then I sought means to carry out my plan. I found them at hand. All that remained was the manual labor, for which I could not afford to pay. So I tackled it myself when I could find the time, and you can gamble on it, Jessie, there wasn't an ounce of fun in it."

"I shouldn't think there was," admitted the girl, "judging from what you told me at the time; though you would not gratify my curiosity by telling me the reason for a proceeding which seemed so senseless to every one who heard about it."

"Well, I'm telling you now, but you must keep it quiet."

"I won't say a word, honor bright," protested Jessie.

"I bought the swamp-lot and the dam just as it stood from Mr. Rickson for twenty-five dollars. I agreed to remove a big heap of stones, as tall as a barn, from Farmer Botts' land hard by, on condition that he would let me have the use of his ox-team for that purpose."

"He must have thought you were crazy."

"Probably he did, but he wasn't fool enough to say so, as he had the soft end of the bargain. When the swamp-lot had frozen over so that it would bear the ox-team I began to use up all of my spare time of night hauling rocks from Bogg's field to the basin in which lay the swamp-lot, and I spread them in heaps over the surface of the ice. I'd hate to tell you how many tons I deposited there before the end of winter. I was mighty glad when I got away with the last load."

"I know all about that, Will Somers—everybody knows it. Lots of people have gone over there and looked at those piles of rocks and wondered what you were trying to get at, but they couldn't guess any more than I."

"As it wasn't any business of theirs, I didn't take the trouble to enlighten them. I haven't any use for butters-in, Jessie."

"Do you include me in that remark, Will? It you remember, I was just as curious as anybody else," said the girl, with a quizzical smile.

"Present company always excepted," said the boy, hastily, whereat she laughed gaily.

"Well," she said, "I am waiting patiently for this explanation you promised to give me. I'm still as much in the dark as ever."

"After I had finished with the rocks I took down part of the dam and waited. When the ice began to melt with the coming of spring the stones gradually disappeared among the moss and grass. Then the swamp looked the same as it ever did. Since then I've simply been waiting."

"For what, pray?"

"For winter to set in again. This is October. In a week or so I'll repair the dam and let the water collect. I expect it will be on the surface, not under the swamp this time."

"Why should it be different with you than what it was with Mr. Rickson?"

"Because I trust that the rocks, which have gone down pretty evenly into the matted grass and moss, will anchor down the entire surface of the bog. Should this prove to be the case, the formation of a ten-acre pond will be a simple proposition."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jessie, a great light dawning upon her mind.

"If it does I shall have as pretty a pond as you ever saw in your life, and a field of clear ice worth at least \$3,000 or \$4,000."

"What a head you've got, Will Somers!" cried the girl, in admiration of his genius.

"If I fail my name will resemble the soil under the swamp."

"What is that?" asked Jessie in surprise.

"Mud!" ejaculated Will, tersely.

CHAPTER V.—In Which Squire Jarvis Visits The Somers Home.

The quaint little Dutch timepiece which Captain Fairweather had brought from Holland some years before, and afterward presented to Nathaniel Somers, his neighbor, and which occupied a conspicuous position on the mantel of the sitting-room in the Somers home, had just struck the hour of eight, when a loud, authoritative knock came on the front door.

"I wonder who can that be?" said Mrs. Somers, looking up in mild wonder.

Will, who was poring over a new book on practical engineering which he had got from the town public library, jumped up and went to the door. He was surprised, and perhaps not a little apprehensive, to find that the visitor was none other than the pompous Squire Jarvis. What could be the meaning of this great man's visit to their humble home?

"Is Mrs. Somers at home?" asked the lawyer, stiffly.

"Yes, sir," replied Will, respectfully. "Will you walk in?"

Squire Jarvis brushed past the boy with as little consideration as though he was a wooden image, and Mrs. Somers rose hastily from her chair as his portly form filled the door leading into the sitting-room.

"Squire Jarvis!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the nabob, in a tone that seemed to indicate that he was conferring a distinguished honor on the cottage by his presence there.

"Take the rocking-chair," said the lady of the house, pointing to a substantial piece of furniture that was the pride of the house.

The squire bowed condescendingly, seated himself, and glanced curiously about the room. Mrs. Somers reseated herself and waited for the great man to explain the nature of his unexpected call.

"Ahem, ma'am," began the squire, feeling that what he had to say was not likely to cause a pleasant impression, "I have called in reference to a little matter that has been placed in my hands."

Mrs. Somers bowed and waited for him to proceed. At this moment Will re-entered the room, and took up a position in the background, curious to learn, as he half suspected, if he was the cause of the magnate's visit. He was soon undeceived.

"I refer to a note of hand, signed by your late husband in favor of Job Rickson, for the sum of \$300. The note," continued the squire, fishing out his glasses and poising them with a sort of

professional movement upon the bridge of his aristocratic nose, and then taking out a bulky morocco pocket-book, from which he deliberately extracted the document in question, "is dated February 1, 189—, and expired one year from date, when it became due and payable, according to the terms therein expressed. It should have been presented for payment at that time. But your husband having died in the meanwhile, leaving you (ahem) in somewhat straightened circumstances, so far as ready money was concerned, Mr. Rickson refrained from calling immediately on you for the amount owing him, feeling sure you would recognize his claim as soon as you were in a position less financially embarrassing. While this was not business, it reflects a great credit on Mr. Rickson's goodness of heart—a fact, I regret to say, not generally appreciated by his acquaintances. In fact, he has delayed so long the presentation of this note that it is now within a few months of the time when, according to the laws of the State, it would have become outlawed, and consequently worthless. Fortunately, he called my attention to it, and I advised him to collect at once, and so he turned it over to me for that purpose. Therefore, I should be glad to learn what you are prepared to do about it."

Squire Jarvis having delivered himself of the foregoing in his most impressive manner, he removed his glasses from their perch and began to twirl them around his index finger while he regarded the little brown-haired widow with a judicial sort of look, possibly with the view of confusing and intimidating her. Mrs. Somers had listened to him with the utmost amazement, but politely forbore interrupting him. But when he had concluded she said, quietly:

"That note was taken up by my husband a few days before his death and paid."

"Paid, ma'am!" ejaculated the lawyer.

"Yes, sir; and Mr. Rickson gave my husband a receipt for the money."

"You certainly are laboring under a misapprehension of the facts. If your husband paid this note, it stands to reason it would not now be in the possession of Mr. Rickson. When a note is settled it is always delivered to the person who drew it, by whom it is, or should be, immediately destroyed."

"I think I can account for the fact that it happens to be in Mr. Rickson's possession," said Mrs. Somers, a slight note of scorn in her tone.

"I am ready to hear any explanation you have to make," said the lawyer, stiffly.

"That he presents it at this late day for repayment does not speak well for that goodness of heart you have just credited him with," said the little lady, coldly.

"Ma'am," interrupted Squire Jarvis, "you must not attack the character of such an old and respected citizen as Mr. Rickson."

"I was about to explain to you why Mr. Somers did not get possession of that note at the time he paid the money. The note still had several months to run when he expressed his intention of taking it up. Mr. Rickson at first objected, but when my husband offered him the year's interest he accepted the money and gave a receipt for the same, saying he would give up the note in a few days, as soon as he got it from the bank,

where he had deposited it for safe-keeping. My husband, probably feeling that he was protected by the receipt, did not hurry him. In fact, before he may have thought of the matter again, he met with the accident which resulted, unfortunately for himself and family, in his premature death."

Mrs. Somers paused and wiped away a tear.

"Your statement is certainly plausible," admitted Squire Jarvis, beginning to fear he had called on a fool's errand, after all, and that the unsavory reputation Mr. Rickson bore in town, with which the squire was familiar, was once more cropping up in evidence. "If you have Mr. Rickson's receipt for the three hundred dollars, of course, I shall have nothing more to say. I am not responsible for any act of Mr. Rickson's, ma'am, being merely his agent in the matter. If it is not too much trouble, will you kindly produce the receipt, so that I may convince myself of its genuineness?"

"I am sorry to say that the receipt has been mislaid ever since my husband's death," replied Mrs. Somers, not without some apprehension as to what effect this honest admission would have on the lawyer.

"Mislaid, ma'am!" exclaimed the squire, raising his eye-brows in a way that might have implied that he thought such a statement rather thin.

"Yes, sir," replied the little widow, with a slight touch of indignation in her voice, for the squire's pantomime had not escaped her.

"Very singular," he remarked, tapping the note with his glasses. "Very singular, indeed."

"Not at all, not at all," he replied, hastily. "I never doubt a lady's word; but people are often mistaken, ma'am. You——"

"There is no mistake in this case, Squire Jarvis," said Mrs. Somers, firmly. "I regret to say I have not been able to find the receipt. As Mr. Rickson made no effort to recollect the note when it became due, not at any time during the years that have since elapsed, I naturally presumed it was all right, and gave no further thought to the matter. I must say it is a singular thing for him to present it for payment now, within a few weeks of the time when as you say, it would become outlawed. I will not express my opinion as to his motives, but will leave you to judge that yourself."

"Well, ma'am," said the wily lawyer, scratching the point of his nose with the rim of his glasses, "it is certainly unfortunate that you cannot produce the receipt. As the case stands, Mr. Rickson has the law on his side, and so, unless you can find the receipt, I am afraid you will have to pay the money over again."

"But, sir," cried the widow, aghast, "that would be most unjust."

"The law, ma'am, passes only upon facts; it has nothing whatever to do with sentiment. People should not be careless—therein lies the cause of much trouble in this world that we lawyers are often called upon to unravel, and not always with success. If your husband had insisted upon the immediate return of the note, which was well within his rights, or you had not lost the receipt, which would to all intents and purposes answer the same end, you would not now be in this trouble."

THE WINNING TRICK

"I consider it an outrage that Mr. Rickson should make this demand when he well knows that he was paid once," cried Mrs. Somers, in great indignation.

"With that I have nothing whatever to do, ma'am," said the nabob, rising and taking his hat. "I am simply acting on the instructions of my client, with the evidence he has produced, and which you seem unable to gainsay. I will give you a week to consider what you will do, at the end of which time I shall expect you to call or send to my office and advise me of your determination."

"But I cannot agree to pay that note over again," she said, almost tearfully.

"In that case the law will have to take its course."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that the law will rob my mother of another three hundred dollars?" demanded Will, facing the magnate of Northport.

Squire Jarvis glared at the boy as though astonished at the lad's audacity in addressing him so boldly.

"I mean to say, young man, that your mother will have to go to court and show cause why judgment on this note, together with interest to date, shall not be rendered in favor of Mr. Rickson. If she loses, which she is bound to do unless she produces the alleged receipt, she will also have to pay the costs of the action, which will raise the total amount to something over four hundred and fifty dollars."

"And if we refuse to pay that?" said the boy, with flashing eyes.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"This property, which is in your mother's name, will be sold to satisfy the judgment, and the expenses of the sale with the sheriff's fees, will also be added to the sum I have mentioned. You will find it a costly matter to fight against the law. I advise you not to try it."

Thus speaking, Squire Jarvis walked majestically toward the front door, and Will, oppressed by a sense of utter helplessness to resist the swindle about to be perpetrated on his mother, followed and let him out.

CHAPTER VI.—The Strange Visitor to the Tool-House.

"What shall we do, my son?" asked Mrs. Somers in a troubled voice when Will returned to the sitting-room.

"I don't know, mother. I suppose you will have to consult a lawyer. I never believed Mr. Rickson to be such a contemptible swindler," he added, bitterly.

"He is certainly trying to do us a grievous wrong," said his mother, sadly.

"You must make a thorough search of the house at once, and I will get Jessie to help you."

"I will do so, of course. It would be a great misfortune if this property was taken from us to satisfy such an unjust claim."

"Don't worry, mother. It shall not be taken from you."

At this point the Dutch clock struck ten, and presently mother and son retired for the night.

The window of Will's room overlooked the river, on whose surface the old October moon shone with a chilly glitter. As Will stood a moment gazing out upon the landscape he saw what he thought to be a small boat, with a single occupant, moving cautiously up the river.

"Gee!" he said. "Rather a cold night to be on the water. I wonder who it is?"

The boat approached the Somers landing place, the occupant fastened a line to one of the pile-heads and jumped ashore. Then he began to slouch along beside the fence that divided the Somers property from that of the Fairweathers.

"Who the dickens is he, and what is he up to?" Will asked himself as the figure cautiously drew near to the house.

"I don't like his looks for a cent," commented the boy, as the intruder paused close to a tall oak tree and a ray of moonlight shone on his face which, though young, looked, even at that distance, hard and uninviting.

The intruder took out a small black pipe, which he deliberately filled with tobacco from a pouch, and then glided behind the tree and sat on the ground, for the glare of a lighted match showed his position. For fifteen minutes thereafter all that betrayed his presence was the occasional whiff of whitish smoke that floated about the oak as the fellow puffed at his pipe. Will, now decidedly interested in the stranger's movements, felt no desire to go to bed.

"I'd give something to know what he means by sitting out there under our oak tree on a cold night like this. He doesn't appear to be any too warmly dressed, either. Something evidently is in the wind. Does he propose to try and break into our house, or into the Fairweather's, a little later on? I fancy he'll get an unexpected and warm reception if he tries it."

At this stage of his reflections the intruder suddenly reappeared around the tree and began a critical survey of the Somers premises. Then he deliberately walked over to a small tool-house, stocked with implements formerly used by Mr. Somers when he was alive, and which since his death had not been touched. He tried the door. It was found to be locked, of course. After considering a moment the fellow hauled a tall chopping block up against the side of the shed, mounted it, and pushed in the only window the building had. Then he climbed into the opening and disappeared inside.

"I guess it's time for me to interfere," said Will resolutely. "I don't believe he's gone in there to sleep, and I'm not going to have any of my father's things stolen if I can help it."

So, taking his shoes in his hands so as not to awaken his mother, he crept down to the kitchen, which overlooked the tool-house.

"I'll wait here and see what transpires," said the boy, putting on his shoes, so as to be in readiness to pop out suddenly into the yard.

Will waited a good quarter of an hour before there were any further developments. Then the visitor's head reappeared at the window, and with remarkable agility he swung himself through the opening and dropped to the ground. Will saw the handles of several short tools protruding from his side pockets.

"That settles it. I've got to stop him. Now, how in the name of wonder did he know that was

a tool-house? One would think he was familiar with our place, yet so far as I can judge, he seems to be a perfect stranger in this locality."

As the stranger started off for the open gate Will softly opened the kitchen door and attempted to cut him off from the street. His sudden appearance on the scene startled the intruder for a moment, and he stood still. Each had a plain view of the other in the moonlight.

"Will Somers!" ejaculated the young fellow, beginning to back away.

"Ed Rickson!" Will exclaimed in astonishment. "You back?"

"Well, what of it?" replied the fellow with a snarl. "Ain't this where I live when I'm at home?"

"What were you doing in our tool-house just now?" demanded the boy, aggressively. "I didn't think you were a thief, Ed Rickson. Your father wouldn't like to know what you've been up to."

"My father!"

"Yes, your father," repeated Will, greatly surprised at young Rickson's manner.

"Good-night!" and with a mocking laugh Ed Rickson vaulted the paling and darted off down the deserted street at a high rate of speed. It was useless for Will to think of following him; indeed, since he had recognized Ed Rickson he had no great desire to do so. After watching his dwindling figure disappear in the gloom, Will went back to the tool-house, mounted the block, struck a match, and looked inside. He saw that the lid of one of the chests had been forced open.

"I'll investigate closer in the morning and see what you've taken, Ed Rickson," he said, as he closed the window and removed the chopping block.

CHAPTER VII.—In Which Tessie Rickson Springs a Trap on Jessie Fairweather, and How It Worked.

The operating room of the Northport cotton mills was in full swing. At least a hundred busy girls were employed in that room, and the majority of them had their eyes cocked up at the big clock which hung within sight of all, for the long hand pointed to a minute to twelve. Way down in the engine-room, at the corner of the big yard, Will Somers was also watching a smaller timepiece, while one of his hands was raised, his fingers gripping the cord that would in another moment send forth the welcome blast releasing every one of the mill's employees from work for one hour. At that interesting moment Tessie Rickson, who had been to the dressing-room, rushed up to one of the forewomen in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, Miss McBoyle, somebody has taken my pocketbook!" she said, hysterically.

"What's that?" asked the forewoman, sharply.

She was a stout, red-faced woman, whom none of the girls liked, because she took very little notice of the woman's outbursts, and also because she was so pretty and such a general favorite.

"Somebody has taken my pocketbook," repeated Tessie, in a voice sufficiently loud to attract attention.

"Nonsense!" snapped Miss McBoyle.

"It's really so!" persisted the red-haired girl, with a great show of earnestness.

"You mislaid it somewhere."

"No, I didn't, Miss McBoyle; I know I felt it in the pocket of my jacket in the dressing-room."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it?" grunted the forewoman.

"I wish you'd come in and help me find it."

"The idea! Don't you think I've something else to do, Miss Rickson?"

"Oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do!" piped Tessie, tearfully.

At that moment off went the whistle, and the girls throughout the room began to flock at once toward the dressing-rooms.

"Well, come along," said Miss McBoyle rather ungraciously.

"Somebody must have taken it out of my pocket," insinuated Tessie.

"I don't believe it," replied the forewoman.

"Well, I wouldn't trust that Fairweather girl as she is such a favorite," said Tessie, vindictively.

"What makes you think she might do such a thing?"

"Oh, I've my reasons," said Miss Rickson, tossing her head disdainfully.

"Well, I must say I don't fancy her myself," sniffed the forewoman.

Tessie knew that, and began to throw out insinuations against the fair Jessie.

"I would search her dress if I was you," said Miss Rickson, eagerly.

For reasons of her own, the forewoman was ready to adopt this unfair plan, for she was only too eager to humiliate the belle of the factory. So she snatched down the girl's walking dress from the hook just as its owner entered the room with a bevy of her friends.

"Why, Miss McBoyle, that's my dress," protested Jessie, as the woman thrust her coarse red hand into the pocket of the dress, much to Tessie's delight.

"I believe it is," snapped the forewoman as she brought a small pocketbook to the light.

"There! I told you she took it!" screamed Tessie. "That's my pocketbook."

"What have you got to say to this, Miss Fairweather?" asked Miss McBoyle, with a triumphant ring to her voice. "Are you in the habit of taking things that don't belong to you?"

"I don't understand, Miss McBoyle," replied Jessie with dignity.

"Indeed! Perhaps you can explain how Miss Rickson's pocketbook happened to be in the pocket of your dress?"

The other girls crowding around stared in astonishment.

"I haven't the slightest idea how such a thing occurred, unless Miss Rickson put it there herself by mistake."

"The idea!" sniffed Tessie, with a scornful glance at her intended victim.

"She accuses you of stealing it from her," said the forewoman, severely.

"Accuses me—of—stealing her pocketbook!" gasped Jessie, flushing with mortification at such a charge.

"Yes, miss. And as the article has been found in your possession I shall have to inform the superintendent," said Miss McBoyle in a tone of satisfaction. "I had no idea we had a thief in the mill."

"Miss McBoyle, how dare you insinuate such a thing!" cried Jessie, tears of indignation coming into her pretty eyes.

"It's a shame!" chorused the other girls. "Jessie wouldn't do such a thing."

"You're mad because you've been caught in the act," sneered the forewoman. "I always thought you were a sly thing, with your innocent airs and prudish ways. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Girls, do you believe me capable of such a thing?" cried Jessie, appealing with burning cheeks and flashing eyes to her working mates.

"No!" they shouted with one accord.

"How can you accuse Jessie of taking your property, Jessie Rickson?" cried one spirited girl, putting her arm around Jessie Fairweather.

"Well, it was found on her, all right," said Tessie, spitefully.

"I believe you put it there yourself, just to get her into trouble," cried another girl, coming to Jessie's aid.

"The idea!" retorted Tessie, angrily. "You can believe what you like, Clara Parks, but I've my own opinion. It isn't the first thing I've missed. Some people put on a lot of airs when they ain't no better than—"

"Than what, Tessie Rickson?" said Jessie, walking up to her accuser and looking her squarely in the eye.

"You needn't try to intimidate me, Miss Make-believe," replied Tessie, scornfully. "You may softsolder the rest of the girls, but you can't draw the wool over my eyes. You are a deceitful thing! I know you talk about me behind my back. Say I have caroty hair, that my mouth is large enough to swallow snowballs, and I'm all bones. I hate you—there."

And Miss Rickson, with tears of rage in her green eyes, marched out of the room, leaving Jessie almost paralyzed with pained astonishment. Miss McBoyle had in the meanwhile gone down to the superintendent's office to register the charge of attempted theft against Miss Fairweather.

"What must you girls think of me?" exclaimed Jessie, breaking down at last under the strain of the terrible position in which she was placed.

"If I was you I would go right straight to the superintendent and demand justice," cried Miss Parks.

"And we'll all go with you!" exclaimed the rest.

And the result of it was that Jessie did march straight down to the superintendent's office and stated the case. Mr. Harper smiled good-naturedly.

"Miss McBoyle made a sort of charge against you, Miss Fairweather, but I laughed her down. Why, bless you, young lady, I'd as soon think one of my own daughters guilty of such a thing as you. There! Don't cry, please. I take no stock in it at all. It is simply ridiculous. Go home, all of you, to your dinners, and I'll allow you half an hour extra to-day, under the circumstances, as you've lost that much time over this silly affair."

And Miss Rickson, when she returned to work that afternoon, found, to her great disgust and mortification, that not a girl in the room would notice her.

That afternoon Mr. Davis was congratulating Will that the attachment he had placed on the boiler the day before was working all right when a cry of "Fire!" was heard in a female voice, coming from the third story. Will rushed out to see the third story windows filled with screaming girls and a few staggered out the employees' entrance to the building, followed by a number from the first and second floors. Will saw thick smoke coming from the third floor and knew the place was on fire. The men were coming out now and they soon found a ladder and raised it to a window of the third floor. Will was the first to ascend, and he yelled to the girls to go to the end where the iron stairways were instead of clustering about the windows. He assisted by others coming up the ladder soon had them in some sort of order at the other end of the room and they were escaping by the stairways. It was the girls' dressing room which was blazing the most. As Will passed it on his way to the stairs he saw an arm through the half-open door.

"Great heavens! Somebody has fainted in there."

Pushing the door open he saw two insensible girls on the floor. He recognized them both as Tessie Rickson and Jessie Fairweather. It looked so though Jessie had been trying to drag her companion away from peril when she had been overcome herself. Tessie's dress was on fire. Will beat out the fire and carried her forward a short distance toward safety. Alternately he worked the senseless girls toward the end of the long room, with the flames reaching out hungrily after him. The engines had arrived by this time and a big crowd was collecting. What was their surprise and horror when they saw Will bring first one girl out on the fire escape and lay her down and then go back inside and bring out another. By this time he was pretty well done up himself. The firemen soon rescued all three by the aid of their ladders. Then the crowd cheered Will as the hero of the hour. Both girls had been brought to, but Tessie felt chagrined because she had caused the fire by setting the clothes of the girls who had snubbed her afire and it had got beyond her control.

"Is Will Somers here?" was asked by somebody in the crowd.

"Sure he is," he was answered. Will was in the engine room now as the fire had been put out by the firemen.

He had heard his name mentioned and came out to be met by the constable of Northport with:

"I have a warrant for your arrest."

CHAPTER X.—In Which Squire Jarvis Fails To Make a Case Against Will Somers.

"What do you mean, Mr. Brady?" gasped Will Somers in the greatest astonishment.

"I am sorry my duty obliges me to make you my prisoner; but I don't see any way out of it. I'll have to conduct you before Justice Benson."

"But I haven't done anything for which I should be arrested," remonstrated Will.

"I hope you haven't," replied the constable. "It is quite possible some mistake has been made, in which case you will be immediately released."

"There certainly is a mistake," said the boy, stoutly.

"You don't look at all like a guilty boy," said the constable, with a smile.

"I should think not. All right; I'm ready to face the music."

"What's the charge, Mr. Brady?" asked Mr. Davis, the engineer.

"I regret to say it's a very serious one," replied the officer, soberly.

"You don't mean to say this boy is accused of murdering somebody, do you?" said the engineer, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Hardly as bad as that," answered the officer, who saw that, officially, he was not favorably regarded by Will's friends.

"Well, what am I charged with?" asked the boy.

"Burglary!"

"Who made such a preposterous charge against this boy?" demanded Mr. Davis.

"Squire Jarvis."

That was the second surprise, but it was evidently a serious one. Surely the magnate of Northport would not make such an accusation without some ground to base it on. No one had heard that a burglary had been committed on the Jarvis premises. But suppose such had been the case, in what way Will Somers, one of the brightest and most respected lads in town, connected with it? That was the question each one in the engine-room asked himself as he looked at Will's honest face and then at the officer.

"I suppose you have the warrant with you?" asked Mr. Davis.

"I have," answered the constable. "Do you wish to see it?"

"Yes."

Constable Brady produced it, and the engineer found it was made out in proper form.

"I shall be ready to go along with you as soon as I get out of my working clothes," said Will; "but I guess the Squire will find he has made a serious blunder in bringing this charge against me."

"Well, I hope you will get out of it all right. It's no pleasure for me to come after you in my official capacity. Your father was a good friend of mine, and this job is not at all to my liking."

"I have no fault to find with you, Constable Brady," said the boy, as he slipped off his overalls.

In a few moments he was ready to go with the officer. So, while the factory fire, which was now under control, held the attention of almost everybody in the vicinity, Will Somers and Constable Brady left the yard by a back gate and proceeded to the courthouse, where the officer said the justice was waiting to hold a sort of informal examination of the charge. Will was conducted to Justice Benson's office and directed to take a seat. Besides Mr. Benson, the most prominent person in the room was Squire Jarvis, who gave the prisoner a severe, uncompromising look. The gardener of the Jarvis establishment was also present.

"Will Somers, I am sorry to have you brought before me on a criminal charge, especially one so serious as the warrant indicates; but I have no doubt you will be able to clear yourself, at least I trust so," and Justice Benson looked

kindly at the manly young fellow, whom he had known from his infancy, and who did not at all look like a boy capable of committing an unworthy action.

Squire Jarvis sniffed at Mr. Benson's encouraging view of the situation, and thumped the floor with his gold-headed cane, as though to express his disapprobation.

"I want you to understand, Master Somers, that this examination is entirely informal," continued the justice, "and that you are not compelled to say a word unless you choose to do so. But if you do say anything, I warn you that you are not obliged to commit yourself, and that whatever you say may be used against you."

"If he wants to confess he had better do so now," said the magnate, impatiently.

"You are rather hasty, Squire Jarvis. The boy has not yet been informed in detail of the charge against him."

"Pooh! He knows about it better than any of us," sneered the nabob, casting a black look at Will.

"Squire Jarvis, that remark is hardly a fair one," objected the justice, who was clearly favorably disposed toward the prisoner.

"Pooh!" and the lawyer thumped the floor once more.

"Listen to me, Master Somers," said Justice Benson. "Between the hours of eleven last night and six this morning, Squire Jarvis' office, an extension of his residence, was forcibly entered, his desk pried open, and several papers, including a ten-dollar bill, were abstracted. You are charged with the crime. Do you wish to make any statement?"

"I wish to say that I know nothing whatever about the matter. This is the first I have heard of it. I was in bed and asleep between the hours mentioned."

This general denial of the charge was received by the Squire and his son, who was also present, with sneering disapproval.

"Then," remarked the justice, "if this case ever comes up in court you ought to be able to prove an alibi."

"I think the prisoner would find it a rather difficult matter to prove to the satisfaction of a judge and jury that he was in bed every moment of the time within which it was possible for him to commit this crime," said the Squire, acidly.

"You seem to be greatly prejudiced against this boy," observed Justice Benson.

"Huh!" snorted the nabob, moving about in his chair.

Mr. Benson took up a hammer and a cold chisel which had been lying on his desk, and asked the constable to hand them to Will.

"Have you ever seen those implements before?" he inquired.

The boy looked them over and then answered promptly:

"Yes, sir; they belonged to my father, for his name is upon them."

"Can you assign any reason for their having been found this morning on the floor of Squire Jarvis' office?"

"The only explanation I can offer is this: They were abstracted from our tool-house last night about eleven o'clock by Ed Rickson——"

"I tried to head him off, but he jumped the his feet."

"Ed Rickson."

"What temfoolery is this? He hasn't been in this neighborhood this two years back," snorted the nabob, angrily.

"I know that," answered Will, calmly, "but the fact that I saw him enter our tool-house last night through the window, and leave with something in his pockets, shows that he has returned."

"I don't believe any such rot," said the great man, rudely.

"Softly, Squire Jarvis. You should not attack the lad's veracity in this way. He is entitled to make whatever explanation he sees fit, and it is quite possible that he speaks the truth. Go on, Master Somers."

"I tried to head him off, but he jumped the fence and got away."

"If Ed Rickson had come back to town I fancy I should have heard of it," said the magnate with an incredulous smile, "for I was speaking to Mr. Rickson at noon to-day, and he made no mention of the circumstance."

"You cannot be ignorant of the fact that Edward Rickson did not bear a very good reputation while he lived in Northport," said Justice Benson, meaningly. "If we accept Master Somers' statement of his encounter with that young man last night, it certainly casts a shade of suspicion in a direction it might be well to follow up. If Edward Rickson did enter the Somers tool-house, as the accused asserts, I presume he is willing to swear to it in court," and the magistrate glanced inquiringly at Will.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy promptly.

"Then," continued the justice, "he must have had some object in doing so. Had the object been a worthy one, it seems to me the owner of the tool-house would have been consulted. As the tools found in your office this morning have been identified by the accused as the property of his family, and as it has not been shown that Master Somers carried them there himself, why the inference—"

"I beg to say that we are not dealing with inferences," said the Squire, stiffly.

"Can you prove that the accused entered your office with these tools?" asked Justice Benson rather sharply.

"If I could there would be no necessity for this rigmarole," replied the Squire, a bit disconcerted. "But I can show with sufficient clearness that this Somers boy had a well-defined object in breaking into my place and rifling my desk."

"From which I presume you draw an inference of his guilt," said the justice with a smile, laying stress on the word inference, much to the nabob's annoyance.

"I believe it will establish a strong presumption in that direction," persisted the great man.

"I will hear what you have to say, Squire Jarvis," said Justice Benson, quietly.

"The only thing of importance taken from my desk," proceeded the nabob, punctuating his sentences with a downward movement of his extended index finger, "was a certain paper, or, to be more explicit, a note of hand deposited with me yesterday by Mr. Job Rickson for collection. This paper would not be the slightest use or value to Ed Rickson, assuming for the sake of

illustration that it was he who broke into my office; but, sir, its destruction would be of the greatest importance to the pecuniary interests of the Somers family, inasmuch as it represents an unsettled claim against their property."

"Mr. Benson," interrupted Will, springing to his feet, "I deny Squire Jarvis' statement that the note to which he refers represents an unsettled claim against my mother. The note was paid by my father before his death, and the attempt now made by Mr. Rickson, through Squire Jarvis, to collect it over again is a rank swindle."

"Master Somers," said the justice, mildly, "you must not interrupt Squire Jarvis while he is speaking. Whatever you have to say about this matter I will hear after the Squire has finished."

"The note in question," continued the magnate, casting a supercilious glance at the boy, "is a promissory one, for the sum of three hundred dollars, drawn in favor of Job Rickson, and signed by Nathaniel Somers. Together with unpaid interests to date it represents a perfect legal claim against the drawer's estate of four hundred and twenty-five dollars. This is the vital point I wish to impress upon your attention, Mr. Benson. The other papers, as well as the ten-dollar bill, I believe were merely taken as a blind. It is fortunate that the thief, owing to the hurry of the moment, perfectly natural to one unaccustomed to the commission of crime, forgot to take away the implements he brought with him to accomplish his object."

"I believe you have a safe in your office, Squire Jarvis?" said the justice.

"I have."

"I should think, then, that would have been the proper place for you to have kept that note."

"I can explain why I did not have it in the safe last night," said the lawyer, pompously. "I called with that note on Mrs. Somers last evening about eight o'clock for the purpose of arranging with her as to its payment.

"And mother contested it on the ground that it had already been paid once, a fact we could prove only that the receipt has been mislaid or lost," broke in Will, impetuously.

"Go on, Squire Jarvis," said Mr. Benson, overlooking the interruption.

"It was rather late when I returned home, and not caring to take the trouble to unlock my safe, I opened my desk and slipped it into one of the pigeon-holes. I naturally had no suspicion that any one was likely to break into my office during the night—certainly no one interested in that particular bit of paper. It seems I was mistaken," concluded the lawyer, grimly, as he sat down again.

"That is all you have to say, Squire?"

"That is all; I think it is conclusive," gazing around with a satisfied expression, "when taken in connection with the testimony of my gardener, testified to the following facts: That he had found the outside door of the Squire's office ajar that morning at six o'clock, and on examination found that it had clearly been broken in by a cold-chisel, or similar instrument; that he entered the office, and found evidence that the Squire's desk had also been tampered with; that he had found the hammer and cold-chisel, which he now identified as the articles in question, on the carpet beside the justice's desk; that he immediately

aroused his employer and notified him of the circumstances.

"Have you anything further to say, Master Somers?" asked the justice, gazing at the boy whose honest face and straightforward manner favorably impressed him.

"No, sir," replied Wild, fearlessly.

"I should think not," said Squire Jarvis, offensively, glaring at the lad. "I presume you will permit the prisoner to stand trial——"

"I am afraid," said Justice Benson, interrupting him, "that the evidence is not sufficient to warrant holding the boy."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Squire, in some astonishment.

"I am surprised that you, a lawyer, in view of the lack of evidence, even of a circumstantial nature, should insist on such a course, which, in the event that you afterward failed to make out a true case, would make you liable to be proceeded against in a civil suit for damages. Will Somers, you are discharged."

"Thank you, Mr. Benson," and putting on his hat, he walked out of the justice's office a very happy boy.

CHAPTER XI.—Further Discussions About Will Somers' Game of Chance.

When Will Somers got back to the factory that afternoon he found the fire had been put out and the engines gone. A solitary representative of the fire department stood on guard at the main entrance, and a few curious spectators hung about the neighborhood gazing up at the ruin of the third story. Superintendent Harper and an insurance adjuster were figuring out the loss in the office. All the employees, with the exception of the engineer and a few of the yardmen, had departed.

"Hello, Bill!" exclaimed Mr. Davis when the boy walked into the engine-room. "Back again, eh? Got out of your scrape, all right?"

"Yes, sir," answered Will, cheerily.

"That's good. What was it all about, anyway?" Will told him the whole story.

"The Squire seems to have it in for you," commented the engineer.

"I don't seem to be an especial favorite of his, that's a fact," replied the boy with a cheerful grin.

"That's right; but I wouldn't let that fact worry you any."

"I don't mean that it shall."

"Ed Rickson is at the bottom of that affair," said Mr. Davis, nodding his head sagely.

"I should not be surprised," said Will.

"He always was a hard nut," said Mr. Davis; "but I never knew before that he was a thief. His two years' absence has not reformed him, I see. I'm afraid it has only developed his criminal instincts."

"His father's reputation isn't anything to brag about. This swindle he is trying to work on my mother only serves to confirm my opinion of the man. The idea of him keeping that note all these years in the background, and then ringing it in on us at the last minute on the chance that we couldn't produce the receipt he gave to father for the money! That shows you what kind of a man he is," said the boy, indignantly.

"Squire Jarvis can't but have some suspicion of the truth. It doesn't speak well for him to support a fraud."

"Mr. Rickson has probably promised him a large commission to collect the note."

"Such a proposal as that should be enough to arouse any lawyer's doubts, especially after your mother affirmed the note had already been paid, and Mr. Rickson had allowed it to run so many years after maturity without presenting it for payment."

"That's right. It has all the earmarks of a skin on the face of it."

"Now that the note has disappeared, it is possible you may never hear from it again," suggested the engineer, encouragingly.

"I don't know about that," said Will, doubtfully. "Ed Rickson may return it to his father, as it is of value to him. He could do that by mail, if he's afraid to show himself at his home. What gets me is why he entered the Squire's office at all. He couldn't expect to get any money without breaking into the safe, and he certainly was not provided with tools for such purpose. The ten-dollar bill he got just happened to be in the desk."

"It would only be wasted time to figure upon what his object was," said the engineer, as he relighted his pipe. "He had one, no doubt, and it will probably come to light if he should ever be caught."

"I don't believe Squire Jarvis will make any complaint against him," intimated Will. "His efforts were directed to fasten the crime on me. Lewis is dead sore on me, too, and I think that's the secret of his father's ill-will."

"Very likely. You might as well go home, Will. It's half-past four, and there's nothing for you to do around here."

"All right. Guess I'll go and take a look at my dam. It's pretty near time I had it repaired."

"Say, young man," said the engineer, curiously, "what are you up to, anyway? What are you going to make out of that swamp-lot? You aren't such a fool as to try the same dodge Rickson monkeyed with, are you?"

"What makes you ask?" said Will with a grin.

"Because I'm curious to learn what your little game is. Rickson figured on making a small fortune out of an ice privilege by damming the outlet of the swamp and making a swamp out of the ten acres. The idea was certainly ingenious, but the conformation of the bog knocked his scheme on the head. He was badly disappointed. The next thing I heard was that you, with all your smartness, had paid him twenty-five dollars for a clear title to the place, which, in my opinion, isn't worth a cent."

"I know you said so when I first admitted to you that I had purchased it. But that's where you and I differ."

"We certainly do," replied the engineer, positively. "Are you going to fill it in and try to reclaim the land?" with a grin. "Kind of foolish thing to attempt, when people say it hasn't any bottom. Those stones you dumped on the frozen surface last winter are probably coming out in China, or somewhere else, by this time. Better let the place alone and devote your time to engineering, where your talent lies."

"It is possible I may surprise you with that

swamp-lot yet, Mr. Davis. I'm working a scheme—a sort of game of chance my brain is playing against the perverseness of nature. You ought to know that a large proportion of success in this world is the outcome of chance, anyway. Rickson was sure he was going to succeed. When he failed he threw the whole thing up in disgust, without investigating the cause that threw him down. I didn't get on to it at first myself, but after a little while I saw through it. Then I began to figure out how the real difficulty might be overcome, just as I have worked my brains to try to produce a successful new damper regulator, or my steam condenser, which you have just applied to that boiler—see?"

The engineer nodded and began to look interested.

"I may fail and get the grand laugh," continued Will, though his eyes sparkled with the enthusiasm of the hopeful inventor, "but I am satisfied I am working along correct lines. If I fail this winter the character of the failure will determine whether I shall make another attempt or let the whole matter go by the board. I have thoroughly investigated the quality and consistency of that swamp grass. That was the most important step in the scheme. Once I was satisfied my idea was feasible I went ahead. The chief element of chance in my mind lies in the uncertain course nature may pursue when the water is prevented from escaping."

"You know what occurred the last time this was done."

"Exactly. My scheme is to offset a repetition of that occurrence."

"That's a sensible idea, I'll admit. How do you propose to overcome this difficulty?" asked the engineer, now thoroughly interested.

"That's my secret, Mr. Davis, and I hope you won't feel sore because I prefer to keep you in the dark about it for the present. I've only told one person, and she——"

"Your mother, I suppose," said the engineer.

"No, I haven't explained the matter to my mother, because if I happen to be successful I shall be able to work a very pleasant surprise on her."

"Then, who is the 'she'?" asked Mr. Davis, tantalizingly.

"Oh, it's a girl——"

"I didn't suppose the 'she' was a boy," grinned the engineer.

"I mean she's a particular friend of mine," said Will, flushing to his hair.

"Oh, I see. You mean the prettiest girl in the factory—Jessie Fairweather."

"Well, maybe I do," admitted the boy, reluctantly.

And the honest old engineer shook with quiet laughter as the boy made a sudden break for the door and disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.—Repairing the Dam at the Mouth of the Swamp-Lot.

For the next day or two, while the first and second stories of the factory were being cleaned up and put into shape for the resumption of work in those departments of the building, Will had

nothing to do in the engine-room of the Northport cotton mills. So he took advantage of the opportunity to repair the dam at the swamp-lot. He did not do this all by himself, but induced a particular friend, named Sam Travis, to give him a helping hand.

They took a number of substantial boards and the necessary tools, and went out to the grawsome spot. The water was running freely through the opening Will had made after he had completed his self-imposed job of distributing the heavy stones over the frozen surface of the bog.

"So you think you'll have an ice privilege for sale this winter, do you, Will?" said Sam Travis, with an incredulous grin.

"It is possible I may," replied Will, tersely.

"Nit!" ejaculated his companion. "Old Rickson tried the experiment last winter, and he got badly roasted. I didn't think you was such a chump as to tackle the same scheme."

"Well, Sam, we can't all be wise in this world, you know," replied Will, with a cheerful laugh. "Perhaps I'm only doing this for fun—just to put in my time, you know."

"All right, old man; only it's an awful waste of good lumber, nails and energy."

"You will let me be the judge of that, Sam."

"Sure; it's your funeral, not mine."

"If you don't watch where you're putting your feet it may be your funeral, first thing you know," said Will with a grin, as one of Sam's legs slipped and went down into the ooze in a very unpleasant manner.

"Thanks for the warning, old chappie, but I'm not taking a mud bath to-day," snickered Sam, with a rueful look at the bottom of his trousers leg.

"Mud baths, they are, are good for rheumatism."

"Then old Rickson ought to come over here and take a course of treatment."

"He's had all he wants to do with this place, I guess," chuckled Will.

"There'll be others in the sweet by and by, too," snickered Sam.

"You're a Job's comforter, Sam."

"Think so? You know what the immortal Shakespeare said, don't you?"

"He said, or rather he wrote, a good many bright things. What particular one do you refer to?" asked Will, beginning to nail the end of the plank.

"Suffering jewsharps!" howled Sam, as the business end of the hammer came in sudden contact with his thumb as he started to drive in his second nail.

"How about what Shakespeare said?" persisted Will, after driving home his last nail.

"That whack knocked it all out of my head," he said as he also finished nailing up his end. "Want another board?"

"Yes."

"All right; here you are," and he pushed over the end of the second board. "Did you hear what happened to Stubbins when he was up to Boston?"

"No; what happened to him?" asked Will, curiously.

"He attended an Adams Express Company sale

and bid in a box labeled 'dry goods.' What do you s'pose he found in it?"

"A bundle of calico, I guess, or something of that sort."

"Not on your life. He found six bound volumes of the Congressional Record," snickered Sam.

"That isn't so bad for you, Sam, but I wouldn't do it again if I were you."

"Can't help it; runs in our family. Dad and I were talking politics the other night, and I asked him what a political ring was made of, and he said 'steal.' Wouldn't that jar you? Have another board?" grinned Sam.

"Pass it along."

"By the way, Will," said Sam, after a few minutes of silence, "I heard to-day that the selectmen were going to give you a medal for your heroic conduct at the factory fire in saving the lives of Tessie Rickson and Jessie Fairweather."

"Nonsense!"

"It's a fact, and the only committeeman who voted against the proposition was Squire Jarvis. He still claims it was you who broke into his office to get hold of a certain promissory note that he had presented to your mother for payment. Nobody takes any stock in that, though. Constable Brady is on a still hunt after Ed Rickson, all right, and if he catches him I guess there will be something doing."

Will rather objected to a public acknowledgment of his noteworthy action at the factory fire, with the natural modesty of the true hero, but nevertheless he could not but feel flattered at the honor which his townsmen proposed to confer on him. Both Jessie and her mother had thanked him with such feeling and earnestness that there could be no doubt of their gratitude for the service he had rendered them. He felt this expression on their part amply repaid him for whatever risk he had run in Miss Fairweather's behalf. As for Tessie Rickson she had made a special visit at the Somers' cottage to tell Will and his mother how much she appreciated his conduct on that thrilling occasion when, as she glowingly expressed it, "her life hung on a hair."

Before she tore herself away, with evident reluctance, she had used up all the adjectives of her limited vocabulary.

"Well," said Will, after he and the sturdy Sam had worked for more than an hour on the dam, "I guess that will do. Very little water will get through here now. In a week I shall begin to get some idea how things are going to pan out."

"You mean that in a week you'll begin to discover what a chump you are," grinned his companion.

"All right, have your own way," returned the hopeful young inventor.

"And you really do expect to make a pond here?" said Sam incredulously.

"That's what I hope to accomplish."

"You'll have a pond, all right, but the water will be out of sight."

"That's just where we differ; I'm looking for it to show on top."

"That's what Rickson looked for, but it didn't do him any good. If the water pushed that grass up once it's going to do it again."

"Sure of that, are you?"

"Of course I am; it stands to reason that it will."

"If you wanted to find out the depth of that old dry well in your back yard without going down into it, how would you proceed?"

"That's simple. I'd drop a stone down and count the seconds that elapsed till it struck bottom," said Sam, pleased to display his knowledge of natural philosophy.

"I'd tie a string to the stone and measure the string afterward," said Will. "That shows you we look at the same thing from a different point of view."

"Ha! Any fool could measure a well that way," said Sam contemptuously.

Then they gathered up the tools and left the spot.

CHAPTER XIII.—Ed Rickson Turns Up Again Under Peculiar Circumstances.

The Bugle and the News, the two weekly papers of Northport, came out that afternoon with a column account of the factory fire, and the Bugle, in particular, praised Will Somers' heroism to the top notch. Both papers also published notices of the project afoot to present the boy with a medal as a mark of the town's appreciation, though the matter in the Times was dismissed with a three-line item in the locals. In addition, each paper printed a report of Will's arrest and examination before Justice Benson, on the charge of breaking into Squire Jarvis' office and stealing certain papers from his desk. The Bugle's story was brief and the charge commented on as baseless.

On the other hand, the Times, the editor of which was a personal and political friend of Squire Jarvis, gave considerable space to the affair; but while the writer was careful to say nothing which could be construed as a reflection on the lad's honesty, nevertheless he scouted the idea that Ed Rickson was in any way implicated in the crime. On Monday morning Will returned to duty in the engine-room, as the first and second floors of the factory were in shape to resume operation. Nothing had been heard from Squire Jarvis in respect to the promissory note. This, of course, was a matter of no surprise to Mrs. Somers or her son, for it was not supposed that any action could be taken until the missing note should have been recovered. A thorough search for the mislaid receipt had proved unavailing. In spite of the fact that Sam Travis regarded the flooding of the swamp as a hare-brain sort of proposition, nevertheless he was, boy-like, interested in the prospect, if only for the purpose of being the first to give his friend Will the laugh as soon as he had assured himself that the scheme was a failure, as he confidently expected that it must prove to be. So, during the week that followed the repairing of the dam, he made daily visits to the ten-acre bog after school. As a matter of course, the change, if any, in that short time in the appearance of the swamp was not so perceptible to him as if he had waited a week and then inspected it. So at the end of eight days he reported to Will that the bog had not changed, even a little bit.

"You are quite certain of that?" asked Will, with a shade of disappointment in his voice.

THE WINNING TRICK

"Sure thing," asserted Sam, shaking his head dismally. "Same old grass and moss, though it looks a bit more soggy. There are a lot of little pools here and there, but that don't count for anything."

"Well, I'm going out to take a look myself tonight. The moon will be up after eight-o'clock, and there should be light enough for me to see all I want."

So after supper Will started off alone for the swamp-lot to size up the appearance of his game of chance. He had arrived within a hundred yards of the place when he heard some one shouting in accents of terror, and the appeal undoubtedly came from the immediate vicinity of the quaking bog.

"Somebody must have got caught in the swamp. It's as bad as quicksand," he said, as he broke into a run.

The moon was just rising about the tops of the trees that partially surrounded the swamp-lot, so that the boy could easily see over the white surface of the bog. The call for help sounded in the vicinity of the dam, and thither Will directed his steps. He soon made out a dark object floundering about on the surface of the swamp a few yards out.

"Hello!" he shouted encouragingly.

"Help! Help!" answered the unfortunate being.

A long, broken limb was hanging pendant from a tree near by. The boy seized it, and by a stout pull disengaged it from the heavy limb on which it had grown. Then he ran down to the edge of the morass, called to the struggling person imprisoned by the matter grass, and flung one end of the improvised pole toward him. The luckless person grabbed it as a drowning man might a plank, and held on with desperate energy until Will succeeded in dragging him to the firm ground.

"Give me both your hands now!" cried the boy. They were eagerly extended to him. Planting his feet firmly, Will gave a mighty tug, the person's feet were suddenly released by the grass, and both rolled over together on the dry turf beyond the danger line. They immediately struggled to their feet and looked at one another. The moon shone full in the face of the rescued stranger. Will recognized him instantly.

"Ed Rickson!" he exclaimed.

The fellow hastily scrambled to his feet without a word, and made a movement as if about to flee.

"Hold on, Rickson. You needn't be in such a sweat. I'm all alone," said Will.

Rickson paused and looked keenly at the boy, and then gave a short laugh, as if somewhat reassured.

"Oh, it's you, Somers, is it?"

"It isn't anybody else. Where have you been hiding these last ten days?"

"Who says I've been hiding?" said Rickson gruffly.

"I say so, for one. And there are others."

"Look here, Will Somers, do you want to do me a favor?"

"I think I've just done one for you," said the boy, grimly.

"That's right, you have; but I want you to do something else for me."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Will cautiously.

"I'm kind of fagged out. Haven't had a mouthful to-day? Will you fetch me something to eat and promise you won't say anything about having seen me out here?"

"You have got a pretty good nerve, I think, after what I've gone through on your account already."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Rickson sharply.

"You used those tools you stole from our place to break into Squire Jarvis' office. Then you left them in the place, and so I was accused of doing the job, because a certain paper we are supposed to be interested in was found missing."

Ed Rickson grinned as though he had just heard a good joke.

"Oh, well, no harm came of it. Everybody knows you're a little angel who wouldn't be guilty of such a thing," he replied, with a palpable sneer. "A fellow who goes to Sunday-school and meeting regularly never goes wrong, of course not. Canada is full of those kind of chaps."

"If you are so anxious to do me a favor you are taking a strange way to get me to accommodate you," said Will, in a tone of disgust at Rickson's coarse humor.

"Only a joke," the now wretched-looking wanderer answered hastily, as if suddenly conscious that he had gone too far. "For heaven's sake get me a bit of something to eat. I'm almost starved."

He certainly looked it, and there was a pathetic earnestness about his request that easily assured Will that Rickson told the truth.

"Well," said the boy, "I can't refuse a hungry man something to eat; but it'll take me some little time to get it here."

"You won't tell any one you've met me here, will you?" asked Rickson anxiously.

"I shan't volunteer the information."

"And you promise not to fetch anybody back with you? I shall be on the watch, so it won't do any good."

"I'll return alone," said Will coldly.

"I wish you'd fetch a blanket with you, if you could, for it's mighty cold hanging around here, especially when a fellow's trousers are soaked to the skin," said Rickson dismally.

"Where do you sleep?" asked Will, as he prepared to depart on his charitable errand.

"I've got a snug place," he replied, with one of his impudent grins. "Now, don't be any longer than you can help, Somers, if you've got a spark of feeling for a fellow in my condition," and Rickson contorted his countenance into an expression of great physical anguish in order to give additional effect to his appeal.

CHAPTER XIV.—Will Somers Learns Some Interesting Facts.

Will was as good as his word, and half an hour later returned to the ten-acre swamp-lot with a liberal supply of plain food, which his mother had provided at his request, without ask-

ing any questions he could not answer. He had it wrapped up in a newspaper, the whole tucked into the folds of an old horse-blanket. When Will struck the open space facing the bog, where he had held his brief conversation with the disreputable son of Job Rickson, he found no one in sight.

"He couldn't have got tired waiting, for I wasn't so very long away," thought the kind-hearted boy, as he transferred his bundle from one arm to the other. "Well, it's his lookout, so while I'm waiting for him I'll take a look at the swamp."

So he walked slowly along the edge of the quaking bog, examining its surface with the greatest attention and interest. He had taken care to gauge the original height of the marsh before he began to flood it, marking its level by means of sticks thrust horizontally out from the sides of the basin. By looking at these guides he saw that so far the swamp itself had not risen to any noticeable extent. This was encouraging, though not conclusive evidence that his scheme would eventually be successful. The water was certainly forming on top of the matted grass. A hundred little pools were visible upon its surface, which looked very watery and glistened in the cold moonshine.

"I don't think I can find any reason to kick so far," mused Will, with a sense of satisfaction. "In another week I hope to see a clear enough, though perhaps shallow, sheet of water above the grass. Well, the saying is, nothing ventured, nothing won. You have got to take chances in this world if you expect to do something worth while."

At this point in his reflections he fancied he heard the sound of voices somewhere near at hand. He was standing at the side of the swamp opposite the outlet where the dam was. He listened. It was the first of November and the country air was quite still. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, and the bare trees stood silent and motionless in the moonlight.

"Somebody is talking, all right," said Will to himself, "which is a pretty good sign he isn't alone. I wonder if that can be Rickson? If so, who is he talking with? He seemed to be mighty skerry about any one knowing he was out here. Well, that's his business, not mine."

Will walked on a little further, and the sounds grew plainer.

"That's Rickson talking, for a fact. Evidently he has run across some friends he isn't afraid of."

The boy sat down on the stump of a tree, and now the voices reached his ear quite plainly.

"Look here, Lewis," said Rickson, roughly, as if he was out of patience, "I've stood your shilly-shallying long enough. I want that money you promised me, and if you don't stump up by this time to-morrow night I'll not only find means of letting your father know the truth of the matter, but I'll put Will Somers wise to the whole thing also."

"You wouldn't dare!" ejaculated Jarvis, for it was indeed the son of the manote of Northport who was holding converse with Ed Rickson in the shade of the trees.

"Wouldn't I? You evidently don't know me, young fellow. You see the trouble I've got into all on your account. I don't dare to show my face

lest I be arrested for the crime you intended to fasten on Will Somers."

"If you hadn't been such a fool that night when you broke in Somers' tool-house to get those tools, and let him recognize you, he never would have been able to throw suspicion in your direction."

"He came on me so suddenly that he took me by surprise. I supposed everybody was in bed and asleep," said Rickson in excuse.

"You should have waited an hour or two longer, anyway. You spoiled everything by your haste. If the plan had succeeded, as I supposed it would when I proposed the thing to you when I met you in Gateville, I would have given you the money right away. It wasn't my fault you tangled things up the way you did."

"Well, I've earned the price we agreed on, and I'm going to have it, or somebody will have to suffer; that's all there is to it," said Ed Rickson doggedly.

"You haven't earned it, for the scheme failed. Nobody outside of my father believes Will Somers guilty of breaking into the governor's office, and I wouldn't be surprised if my father has his suspicions."

"He'll have more than that if you don't fork over that hundred dollars you promised me," said Rickson, in a threatening tone.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars to-morrow."

"No, you won't. You'll give me the hundred. Do you understand? I'm storry I went into the thing, anyway. Somers isn't a half bad sort of chap. He pulled me out of the swamp here an hour ago, and I expect him back with some grub, something that I need as badly as any man alive. Next time you want any dirty work done, just look up somebody else to do it. If I was to give you away to Somers he'd probably thump the stuffing out of you, and 'twould serve you right. Are you going to fetch me that hundred dollars?"

"Yes, I'll give it to you."

"Then see that you turn up here to-morrow night with the cash. If you try to trick me I'll make you suffer in a way that you won't soon forget."

Lewis muttered something under his breath and then walked off under the trees. A moment later Will Somers saw Rickson pushing his way through the bushes toward the open spot of their encounter an hour previous. So he rose from his seat and followed him. When Rickson came out into the moonlight he discovered Will within a few yards of him.

"Hello!" he said, with a hungry glance at the bundle. "You've fetched the grub, have you! Let's have it."

Will relinquished possession of the blanket and its contents. Rickson unrolled the bundle, cast the blanket on the ground, and attacked the package of food with the greediness of a famished hyena.

"Somers, you're all right," said Rickson, with his mouth full.

"I wish I could return the compliment," replied Will coldly. "You stole a hammer and chisel from our tool-house for the deliberate purpose of getting me into trouble."

"Who says I did?" replied Rickson, with a malicious grin.

"I say so."

"You're off your base, Somers."

"Am I? Perhaps you'll not admit that Lewis Jarvis hired you to execute the job?"

"You're dreaming, boy!"

"Look here, Rickson; I think I've treated you pretty white. I pulled you out of a bad hole and brought you a square feed. Why don't you own up?"

"Nothing doing," grinned Ed.

"Then I've got nothing more to say," said Will, turning on his heel and starting off.

Ed Rickson allowed him to go without another word.

"A nice pair, he and Lewis Jarvis," muttered Will as he walked slowly homeward. "A rascally piece of business for the son of Northport's most prominent citizen and such a reckless scamp as Ed Rickson to engage in, to try and down a boy who never did either of them any harm. Rickson has that note in his possession, so I'll just give Constable Brady a quiet tip that these two conspirators have arranged to meet in the vicinity of the ten-acre swamp-lot to-morrow night. It is not impossible that Lewis Jarvis may find that his little scheme has developed into a boomerang, which may land him and his side partner in jail on a very serious charge. It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways."

CHAPTER XV.—Lewis Jarvis Originates Another Scheme.

On the following evening Constable Brady and an assistant visited the woods about the ten-acre swamp-lot, but failed to find any trace of Ed Rickson or his associate in iniquity. So the matter rested for the present. During the next ten days evidence of the successful flooding of the swamp-lot was so apparent that even Sam Travis hauled in his horns, and said to all his friends that if there was a smarter boy in Northport than Will Somers he'd like to make his acquaintance. Will's silly attempt to fill up the bog with stones the preceding winter, which everybody who had heard about the matter supposed to be his object, had been generally forgotten. Now, however, when it began to be known that a pond had actually formed in the basin of the swamp-lot, scores of curious townspeople tramped out to the spot to see the miracle with their own eyes. There it was, sure enough. It was a fine pond of water, and was daily growing deeper. Somebody carried the news to Job Rickson. At first Job Rickson was too much astonished to speak. He could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes. But after a while he began to realize that somehow nature had turned him down in favor of the young fireman of the Northport cotton mills.

That afternoon Lewis Jarvis took a train for a certain town thirty miles away, where he knew he should be able to find Ed Rickson. As a matter of fact, Ed was on the lookout for him, for Lewis had agreed with him to settle his hundred dollar obligation after paying him twenty-five dollars down, and the first of these payments was now due.

"I thought you wouldn't go back on me," grinned young Rickson significantly when Lewis turn-

ed up at the appointed rendezvous, a road-house on the outskirts of the town, where Rickson had secured employment congenial to his tastes.

"Why should I?" answered Lewis, as if offended at the very idea of such a thing.

"That's right! Why should you?" said Rickson. "I s'pose you have brought the cash?" he added eagerly.

"Sure thing," and Lewis produced twenty-five dollars in notes, which he handed over.

"You're a little man of your word, Lewis," said Ed, stowing the money away. "Come inside and have a drink."

Lewis was not accustomed to intoxicating liquor, as the Squire very properly frowned upon any such indulgence in his own son, whose sole form of dissipation was confined to a superior brand of imported cigarettes; but the boy was ashamed to refuse Rickson's invitation lest Ed twit him as a milksop. Secretly he believed drinking was a manly art, for he had seen his father under the influence of stimulants on several occasions, and the recollection of his parent's weakness in this respect stilled his own conscience. So he stood up to the bar, and Ed poured out a coupel of whiskies.

"Heer's luck," said Rickson, swallowing his like a veteran.

Lewis' portion nearly strangled him, for it was a fiery compound and none of the best.

"Went the wrong way, did it?" grinned Ed. "Take some water."

Lewis presented a sad picture as he stood gasping over the dose, which had brought tears to his eyes. Indeed, it is always a sad picture to see a young man—it was far worse in this case, for Lewis Jarvis was only seventeen—taking his first lessons in that curse of civilization, liquor drinking. That it is the root of all evil is graphically illustrated in that piece of Oriental fiction called the "Arabian Nights," which recites that a genie, or wicked spirit, having obtained control over a certain young man, agreed to spare his life on condition that his dupe should commit one of three mortal sins—either to murder his father or get drunk. The young man chose what he considered the least of the three. He got drunk, with the result that on being taxed with his sin by his father, he, in a burst of fury, killed him; then, realizing his crime, he in despair cursed the day he was born.

Lewis Jarvis soon recovered from the effects of the potion, and after a short conversation on sporting topics he broached the real object of his wit.

"How is that for an idea?" grinned Lewis, proud of the mean scheme he had devised. "I'll have him dead to rights, eh?"

"You've got a great head, Lewis," said Rickson with a sneer. "So you want me to sneak into Northport again and work it for you?"

"Yes."

"How much do I get?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Cash down?"

"Yes; but you'll have to give me more time on what I owe you on the old account."

Rickson considered a few minutes and then agreed to the proposal.

"When do you want it done?"

"Any time within a week will do."

"All right. Have another drink," and the hardened young fellow replenished the tumblers.

Lewis looked at his portion and hesitated.

"What's the matter?" laughed Rickson banteringly. "Can't you go two drinks?"

"Sure!" replied Lewis, flushing up as he grasped the glass.

"Maybe you had better dilute it," grinned Ed, tantalizingly.

"Pooh!" cried Lewis, raising it to his chin. "I'm no baby."

All the same, the liquor gave him another coughing fit, and he was glad to take some water afterward. When he boarded the train for home half an hour later he was rather unsteady on his legs.

CHAPTER XVI.—"All's Well That Ends Well."

The railroad station was not far from the Northport cotton mills, and Lewis Jarvis had to pass the factory on his way home. He had not noticed Jessie Fairweather since the evening Will Somers had interfered between them in her behalf. And with good reason, for the spirited girl took good care to keep out of the way, having no desire for any further intercourse with him. Lewis was feeling somewhat exalted from the stimulating effect of bad whisky on his brain.

As he came along the factory girls were leaving the mills, the full force having been put to work that day for the first time since the fire. Jessie was walking slowly down the street in expectation that Will would soon catch up with her, as usual. He had not yet appeared when Lewis Jarvis saw her ahead. The sight of her at this moment aroused all that was ugly in his disposition. He hastened his steps and soon caught up with her.

"Going to speak with me this time, aren't you?" he demanded in a husky voice, and with a half-intoxicating leer that startled the girl.

Jessie made no answer, but started to cross to the other side of the road, when he put out his hand and roughly detained her.

"Going to answer me or not?" he said menacingly.

"If you don't take your hand from my arm, Lewis Jarvis, cried Jessie, desperately, "I'll slap your face."

"Which face? This face?" asked Lewis, with drunken humor. "You will slap nothing, see! I've got you now, and I'm going to kiss you!"

At this threat Jessie struck him full in the face, but he seized her in both his arms and tried to carry out his purpose. Jessie, unable to help herself further, uttered a shrill scream, which reached Will's ears as he was coming out of the engine-yard gate. The boy started to her assistance at once. Coming up at a run, he seized Lewis bodily as the young aristocrat was bending back her head to accomplish his reckless object, and, tearing him away from the girl, he flung him in a heap against the fence.

"Oh, Will!" cried Jessie, impulsively throwing her arms about his neck, and, dropping her face on his shoulder, she burst into hysterical weeping.

"It's Lewis I am!" is it?" he cried, in some astonishment, no

that reckless youth staggered to his feet with fierce scowl on his features.

"Yes, and he's been drinking!" shuddered the girl.

"Oh, he has!"

"I'll get square with you for that, Will Somers!" yelled Lewis furiously. "I will, if I have to die for it."

"Come along, Jessie," said Will, ignoring the vengeful youth.

Lewis shook his fist after them as they passed on. Lewis watched them out of sight before he left the spot. It was getting dark now, and he managed to reach home without attracting any comment. Fortunately for him, his father was absent in Boston on business, and so he escaped a well-merited reprimand for the condition he was in.

That week Will received from Washington a certificate, confirming to him for the usual number of years the patent rights on his improved damper regulator, and the superintendent made an agreement with his mother, as his guardian, for its use in the factory engine-room on a regular royalty. Specifications for his new steam economizer and condenser were at the same time drawn up and forwarded to a patent attorney in the Capitol City to be patented, and we may as well state here that in due time he sold the rights to the Northport cotton mills for five thousand dollars. Superintendent Harper had, at Will's request, visited the swamp-lot and investigated the outlook. His verdict assured the boy that he had a ten-acre field of ice in due course to sell to the Rockland Ice Company, which was in the market for such privileges as soon as they were ripe.

As they left the spot they did not see a crouching form hiding in the underbrush. It was Ed Rickson, and he had a crowbar with him. As soon as all was still again he clambered out on the dam, and inserting the end of the bar between the narrow crack in the boards, began to pry them apart. His object was apparent. He meant to make a sufficiently large opening in the dam to allow the confined water to escape. Fortunately, the plans of the wicked do not always prosper. Before Will reached home he missed his big horn-handled jack-knife, which was a handy companion in the engine-room repair shop.

"By George!" he said. "I remember I laid that down on one of the stringers of the dam while I was talking to Mr. Harper. I must go back and get it."

So he hastily retraced his steps. As he drew near the dam he heard queer sounds, not unlike the ripping of boards, and he began to wonder. He rushed forward to investigate. At that moment the moon, which had been obscured all the evening, suddenly shone out between a rift in the clouds, and Will saw something that staggered him. It was Ed Rickson hard at work in his efforts to destroy the dam.

"Hi, there! What are you doing?" Will cried in astonished anger.

Rickson turned in a startled way and dropped the crowbar into the water.

"Come out of that!" exclaimed Will.

"Go to thunder!" replied the rascal.

"I'm going to hand you over to Constable Brady right away."

And he meant it, too. Now it happened that Will's blood was up, and so reckless of consequences was he that the clambered out on the dam, determined to bring Ed Rickson to justice at last. Ed saw him coming, and waited with a diabolical grin. He was satisfied that he could easily handle Will Somers, as stout a lad as he looked. When they grappled in the center of the dam he found out that the job was not as easy as he supposed. It was a pretty even thing, however, as to which would come out ahead. It was a fight to the finish, and no mistake. Will was a bit overmatched, but not outclassed. He was strong and tough, and his fists were like small sledge-hammers. Every time they landed on Rickson he grunted, while Will took his own punishment in silence, never yielding an inch to his antagonist at any stage, though the blood trickled from a nasty cut over his eye. At length Will's greater power of endurance began to prevail. Taking advantage of this, the boy ducked down, seized Ed's leg below the knee, and jerking it up, overbalanced his antagonist, who pitched sideways into the water of the pond.

That ended the fight. Rickson came up from his plunge completely subdued. It was not improbable that had he been left to himself he might have been drowned, so exhausted was he. Will, however, grabbed him by the collar of his jacket and slowly dragged him to firm ground. He then took the precaution to bind his hands behind his back. Will marched his prisoner to the residence of Constable Brady, a quarter of a mile away, who took him to the town jail. Next day Will Somers went before Justice Benson and swore out a complaint of malicious mischief against Ed Rickson. Ed lost no time in sending for Lewis Jarvis.

"Get me out of this, do you understand?" he said to Lewis when that lad appeared, "or I'll blow the whole business from beginning to end."

Lewis, terrified at the thought of public exposure, promised to enlist his father in Rickson's behalf. In order to secure the Squire's co-operation, it is probable that Lewis made a clean breast of the matter to his father. At any rate, Squire Jarvis appeared for Ed when he was brought before Justice Benson; the prisoner was also charged with burglarizing the lawyer's office. The nabob, of course, refused to press this charge, and as there was not sufficient evidence against the rascal it was allowed to drop. Will, with Sam Travis' assistance, recovered the short crowbar with which Rickson had intended to break down the dam, and produced it against the prisoner. Rickson flatly denied that he had used it against Will's property with malicious intent, but both Will and Sam, as well as Constable Brady, who had visited the dam, testified to the abrasures in the boards, which admitted of but one construction, so he was adjudged guilty by the justice and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. A day or so later Squire Jarvis called on Mrs. Somers and notified her that the promissory note having been recovered, she would be held for its payment. When Will came home from the factory his mother told him of the Squire's visit.

"We'll contest it, mother, on the ground of fraud. Call on Sam Travis' father. He's a good lawyer, and he will advise you in the matter."

After supper Jessie Fairweather came in, as

she often did, to show Mrs. Somers a new dress pattern she had received from Boston.

"I've got something to tell you, Will," she said, while Mrs. Somers was out of the room for a short interval, "but you must promise not to say a word about it to any one."

"All right," said Will, "I promise."

"Tessie Rickson came to me to-day and begged that I would become friendly with her again, for she said as long as she and I were not on speaking terms none of the other girls would notice her. She admitted that it was she who put her pocketbook in the pocket of my dress on the day of the fire, in the hope of disgracing me. She said Lewis Jarvis had put her up to it, and had told her that I had said many unkind things about her, which, of course, was not so; and she now knows that Lewis Jarvis simply made a dupe of her in order to get square with me. But the worst thing of all, Will, she confessed to me that she was the cause of the fire at the mill, and told me why she set a match to the dresses of certain girls without thinking any further damage would result. She's a thoughtless girl, with very poor principles, and I feel sorry for her."

"She'd get into a pack of trouble if it became known that she started the fire at the factory," said Will, not a little astonished at the revelation.

"Well, I must be going," Jessie said, as Mrs. Somers returned to the room. "Why, what's the matter with the clock? It must be half-past eight now, yet the hands point to a quarter past seven, just as they did when I entered the room."

"Evidently it has stopped," said Will, walking up to the mantelpiece. While fumbling with it the bottom suddenly came away in his hand, and a small piece of folded paper dropped out. Jessie picked it up and handed it to Mrs. Somers, who casually opened it.

"Why, Will," she said in a tone of mingled surprise and joy, "here is the missing receipt at last."

"You don't mean it mother!" exclaimed the boy. His mother passed it to him.

"Isn't that splendid!" exclaimed Jessie, clapping her hands with pleasure. "How fortunate that the dear old clock stopped."

Will allowed the case to be brought into court, and then, when Squire Jarvis was gloating over the bill of costs he thought Widow Somers would have to pay, she produced the receipt, and covered the nabob and Job Rickson with confusion. The same day, too, Will was waited on by three members of the town council, and presented with a gold medal, appropriately inscribed, which had been awarded to him in recognition of his heroism at the factory fire. Will Somers' ten-acre pond produced an ice privilege in January which netted him something like three thousand dollars. Not only that, but the swamp-lot thereafter annually netted him a similar sum, so that his game of chance, after all, resulted in a steady income.

"Just enough for you and I to buy a nice little house and start housekeeping within a year or two," he said to Jessie when he showed her his first check from the Rockland Ice Company.

And Jessie blushed radiantly and clapped her pretty fingers over his mouth.

Next week's issue will contain "THE YOUNG EDITOR; or, RUNNING A COUNTRY NEWS-PAPER."

CURRENT NEWS**BISCUIT 100 YEARS OLD**

An Indian biscuit, believed to be more than 100 years old, has been plowed up by Frank H. Hanks of Peru, Ind. The biscuit is a deer paunch stuffed with a mixture of meats. Indian lore tells of the burying of stuffed deer in days of plenty, to be dug up in lean days.

MINISTER GETS A BIG TIP

It pays to be a head waiter, the Rev. Fred F. Brown, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Knoxville, Tenn., and one of the most prominent Baptist ministers in the South, believes. When the Good Fellowship Club of the church gave a dinner to the Woman's Missionary Society, Dr. Brown served as head waiter.

At the conclusion of the dinner he was handed a "tip" from the women, a check for \$1,500. Dr. Brown was told to use it in defraying the expenses of his trip to the Baptist Alliance gathering at Stockholm, Sweden.

SNAP PHOTO IN A TEN-MILLIONTH

Through an apparatus operated by rapidly revolving mirrors, Dr. J. A. Anderson, a member of the staff of Mount Wilson Observatory, can take a photograph with an exposure of one ten-millionth of a second. Dr. Anderson disclosed his discovery before members of the American Physical Society at a session held at the California Institute of Technology.

The instrument which was built at the observatory and is in successful operation, is usually set at one ten-millionth of a second, but by adjustments the speed can be increased to one-one-hundred-millionth of a second in rare instances.

"JAPANESE" REGIMENT IS LOYAL TO THE UNITED STATES

It may be "the largest Japanese regiment outside of Tokyo," but in spite of the fact that it is composed almost entirely of young men of Japanese ancestry, every cadet is a loyal citizen of the United States.

The reference is to the R. O. T. C. unit at the McKinley High School, Honolulu, which has more than 700 cadets, the forbears of a majority of whom were born in the Japanese Empire.

It is, perhaps, one of the finest illustrations of the method by which the territory of Hawaii is carrying out an exhaustive program of Americanization. By virtue of having been born within the territory, every cadet of Japanese ancestry is a citizen of the United States, and they were among the first to bring about the establishment of an R. O. T. C. unit at the school when it was suggested.

The McKinley unit excels in drilling. It has its own band, organized under army direction, and a splendid drum and bugle corps. During the recent session of the Legislature it was reviewed by the lawmakers.

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—OR—

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By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

He loosened Arthur's clothing and examined his back.

It was already black and blue between the hips.

"It's a bad bruise, certainly," admitted Jack, pressing the spine at different points, "but I don't believe any of the bones are broken. Now for the other."

It was the left leg. Jack removed the shoe and stocking with difficulty, for the ankle had already begun to swell.

"May be broken. I can't tell," he admitted. "What's this they call a break there? Oh, Pott's fracture. Perhaps it's that, perhaps it's only a sprain. Art, do try to get up. Lean on me and I'll support you to the tent, where you'll be more comfortable. It's blistering hot here."

He got him on his feet with difficulty. Arthur complained of terrible pain in his back. Half doubled over, with Jack's aid, he hobbled to the tent and sank groaning on the blanket upon which they had slept.

"Oh, if I only had a drink!" he moaned. "My throat is terribly parched."

Jack picked up the thermos bottle, but it was empty.

"I'll see how the case stands at the cars," he said. "Now you want to brace up. You are badly bruised, all right, but I don't believe you are seriously injured."

It was quite otherwise with the cars, however. They were half buried under great masses of rock and completely wrecked. All tires were cut to pieces, and a glance told Jack that their mechanism was too badly damaged to be restored.

Jack's first care was to secure the water kegs, which fortunately were all uninjured. He next went for the provisions, and this took time, for there was a lot of stone to be removed. Hurrying back to Arthur then, he gave him a drink.

"How badly damaged are the cars?" Arthur asked.

"Clean sweep," replied Jack, coolly. "They'll never run again."

"Oh, Jack! Are they really past hope?"

"Sure thing. Lucky job for us that Fan Russell did give you away, if she really did. It may be the means of saving our lives. Remember it's only fourteen miles to the dry lake."

"It might as well be fourteen hundred as far as I'm concerned," sighed Arthur. "We are in trouble for fair."

"Yes, and we've got to make the best of it. Now don't you get to fretting in the heat or you'll throw yourself into a fever. There's just one

thing for me to do, and that's to go on afoot and ask help of the Spencer crowd. If they are human they'll grant it."

"Don't leave me, Jack. My head feels mighty queer. I think I must have struck it when I fell."

Now, for the first time, Jack noticed how flushed Arthur's face had become.

"Let me feel your pulse," he said, and he took his friend's hand, with fear and trembling, for Arthur had a fashion, when anything serious worried him, of taking on a feverish condition. Jack had seen him in these spells before, and once he had known him to go out of his head.

The boy's pulse was running high; there was no denying it, but he declared that he was in less pain.

Jack made a cold compress for the ankle and then bathed Arthur's back with a liniment which he had brought along in case of accident.

"I think we ought to move the tent out still further," he then said. "I think there is liable to be another crash."

It was done, and Jack had his hands full getting Arthur over to the tent; when he reached it he seemed completely exhausted and sank off to sleep.

Jack filled another pipe, and returning to the cars made a thorough examination, convincing himself of the utter hopelessness of the situation, for Jack was a good mechanic and quite capable of pulling the cars to pieces and making one serviceable one out of the parts of both, if the thing had been possible.

"We are in a fix for fair," he told himself, "and by rights there isn't a moment to be lost. At the same time I most awfully hate to leave the poor boy alone."

Arthur was awake when he returned, but the fever was upon him and he seemed flighty and quite rambling in his talk.

"Go, if you think best," he said. "I don't want to stand in your way, but put the thermos bottle where I can reach it and one of the water-kegs."

"You want to be sparing of the water," sighed Jack. "Remember there is none too much. I shall have to take the spare thermos bottle with me."

That walk was something to be remembered for a lifetime!

To describe it in all its details is no part of our purpose. The first five miles were not so bad, although the heat was terrible and Jack began to wonder what he should do if he had to walk back.

So far he had the trail of the two cars to guide him, but at last he came to a point where the sand and alkali suddenly vanished, and in its place was a stiff clay soil baked as hard as a floor, on which the tires had left no imprint.

By this time Jack reckoned that he had covered eight miles. He was now thoroughly exhausted; the clay was blistering hot under his feet. Camel range loomed up behind him, but ahead the nearest range was many miles distant.

"I can never make it," thought the wretched boy. "Even if I hit the lake bottom by compass, those people may not be there but at some entirely different point."

(To be continued)

GOOD READING

TANNING VATS 100 YEARS OLD

Workmen excavating a sewer on Plum street, Portland, Me., have unearthed tanning vats that are at least 100 years old. Pine planks of which the vats are constructed are as sound as the day they were laid, apparently. A small piece of leather was found in one of the vats.

SERVICE RECORD BROKEN

All records for length of service in the same job have been broken in France by Alexis Fauchon, a farm-hand of Glos, in Normandy, who has completed seventy-six years in the same position. Fauchon, who is eighty-five, entered the Mouton Farm when he was nine as a herder. He is now serving the great grandson of his original employer.

FINDS RING IN GIZZARD

When Henry Wagaaner of Peoria, Ill., lost a \$250 diamond ring recently, he reported the loss to the police, who learned the ring had been missed soon after he fed his chickens. They advised him to search his chickens. Wagaaner did.

After killing eighteen he found the missing gem in the gizzard of one. He has invited his neighbors to a chicken dinner.

HISTORY OF GOLD LEAF

The process of making gold leaf has been known since the eighth century B. C. It is found in connection with the most ancient known mummies, having been used for covering teeth, tongue, skin, etc. Sometimes it is also found on the coffins. Gold leaf was also used on the tomb and monuments of ancient Egypt. In the eleventh century it seems to have attained as high a degree of perfection as to-day.

A POSTAL IMPROVEMENT

Another time and labor-saving device for use in expediting the mails has passed the experimental stage and is being tested by the Post Office Department. The device will pre-cancel stamps put up in coils for use on other than first-class mail by large mailers, before the stamps have been affixed, and will then recoil them in the original sized coil. Heretofore many large users of such mail have purchased uncancelled stamps in coils which were then placed on outgoing mail by stamp-affixing machines already in general use, necessitating the running of such mail through the cancelling machines at the post-office. With the new device in operation, however, the stamps would be purchased already canceled. The mail with the canceled stamps affixed would then be sorted and tied in bundles by the mailer according to destinations and sent to the post-office where it would go to the trains, leaving the canceling machines at the post-office free for other work. The new device is called the pre-

cancelling machine. Various types have been developed by a number of manufacturers to a point which the Department believes warrants giving them a try-out.

THE SCOTLAND YARD SYSTEM

"That lost and found property department at Scotland Yard is one of the best things they have in London," said a woman who has spent much time in England. "Last summer I had experience with it. I fell into a sort of habit of losing things. First it was a valuable umbrella. I did not miss it until I got to my hotel after an after theatre supper. The next morning I made by husband take me to the theatre and two restaurants where we had been the night before, but without result. Then an American friend suggested Scotland Yard. I went there, and there it was. It had been turned in by a cab driver. Twice afterward I lost that umbrella and got it back in the same fashion, each time leaving as a reward for the cab driver a per cent. of the value of the umbrella, as required. Then I lost a fine pair of opera glasses and I got them back. It is an excellent system the police over there have of encouraging honesty. A cab driver who finds anything in his vehicle is required to turn it in, and he knows that if the owner claims it he will be rewarded."

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

The Reinartz Receiver and Amplifier

No circuit has aroused more interest among amateurs than the Reinartz radio receiver. It is small, compact, simple to construct, and not costly, as it requires only very few parts. This receiver will do almost everything that the more expensive sets will do, if constructed and tuned correctly. Any boy could make one, as all the instruments are bought ready made. You only have to put them in their proper places and wire them together. It does not require much skill to do that, as everything is laid out on the diagram in its best position. If you fold the plan lengthwise, just over the lamps, and bend upward the part containing the jacks, rheostats and condensers, you can see how it looks when finished. The Reinartz coil, at one side in the drawing, really sets on the baseboard behind the 23-plate condenser, but the taps from it go up over the

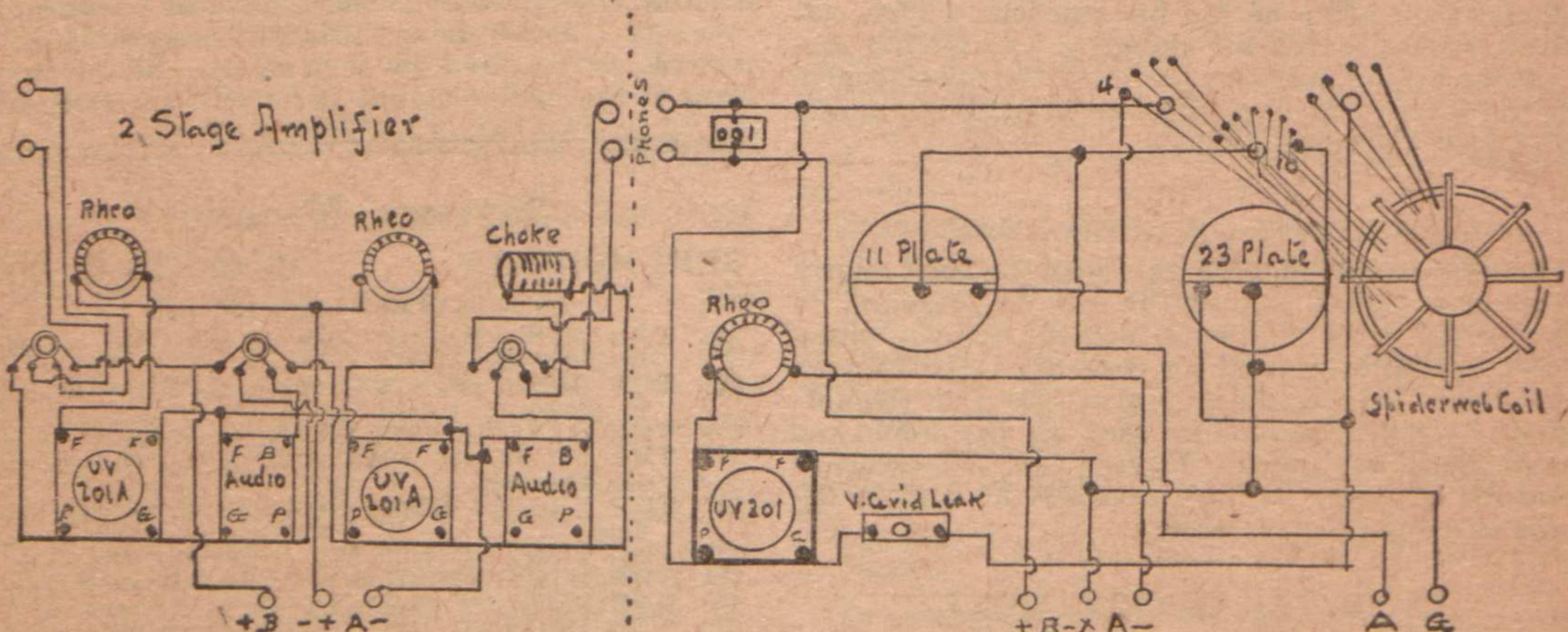
A close study of the hook-up printed below will show two separate instruments separated by an upright dotted line. You can make one or both instruments, as you please, but with the amplifier you get much louder signals.

The diagram shows you the receiver and the amplifier wiring just as it would look if you were viewing it laid flat on a table.

For each one you will, however, need a baseboard and a drilled panel to hold the various instruments.

Let us examine the receiver first. To build it you will need:

- 1 Panel 6 x 10 inches, rubber or Bakelite.
- 1 baseboard 6 x 9 inches $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick.
- 1 UV-200 or 201 lamp and socket.
- 1 23-plate variable condenser (vernier).
- 1 11-plate variable condenser.
- 1 vernier rheostat, 6 to 8 ohms.
- 1 variable gridleak.
- 1 001 mica condenser.
- 1 switch.
- 18 switch points.



The Reinartz Receiver and Amplifier

condenser and are attached to the back of the switch points, as indicated. Before boring your panel make an angle of panel and baseboard, and set up the various instruments to see where they had best be placed, in order to keep the leads as short as possible. Then they can be assembled where they belong. The shorter your wiring is from one instrument to another, the better your set will work. The lamp sockets can be set about an inch away from the panel to best advantage, and this helps to shorten the wiring. Where possible bend your busbar first, with slightly rounded angles, and force it into the spaghetti afterward, as the spaghetti is liable to break at the angle if bent with the wire between the jaws of a pair of pliers. Try to do all your work neatly, so you can take pride in showing it to your relations and friends when it is finished.

7 binding posts.

1 Reinartz spiderweb coil.

Some busbar and spaghetti.

The lamp socket, gridleak and coil are fastened to the baseboard, also the battery ground and aerial binding-posts.

The panel carries the two condensers and rheostat, the switch points and the switches.

The 001 condenser is joined between the wires ending behind the phone posts, the rheostat is below it, and the lamp stands behind the rheostat. Be sure to join the gridleak close to the grid terminal of the lamp socket.

The spiderweb coil is fastened behind the 23-plate condenser (as stated before) above which the switches are placed as shown. When everything is assembled the spiderweb coil leads are the last to go on. Four go to one set of switch

points, four to the other, and ten to the middle set. The coil was drawn at one side to show you how it was connected, but a bracket holds it to the baseboard. You will notice a wire end is soldered to switch point No. 4 on one side, and another to No. 10 of the middle set of switch points. The inside of the panel should be shielded with copper tissue stuck on with shellac, but the copper must be cut away from around all the instruments, leaving at least $\frac{1}{4}$ inch clearance. You must solder a piece of copper wire to the shielding and fasten the other end to the ground binding-post. The connecting wires must be insulated by encasing them in spaghetti, and they must be bent at various angles to avoid running any two parallel with each other, excepting where they run to the battery, aerial and ground posts. Keep them as far apart as you can.

If you wish to build the amplifier, too, you will require the following articles:

- 1 panel 6 x 10 inches.
- 1 baseboard 6 x 9 inches.
- 2 201 or 201A lamps and sockets.
- 2 audio transformers 5 to 1.
- 1 choke coil.
- 2 double circuit jacks.
- 2 rheostats.
- 7 binding-posts.

Busbar and spaghetti.

The two rheostats and three jacks are mounted on the panel and the choke coil on the back of the panel. The lamps and transformers are secured to the baseboard a couple of inches apart. It is safer to have the primary of one transformer pointed one way and that of the next transformer at an angle with it.

The choke coil can be made by winding 30 turns of No. 26 double silk-covered copper wire on a pasteboard tube $1\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. If the reception is not clear unwind or add a few turns of wire to the coil until it is corrected. These choke coils, like the spiderweb coils, can be bought of dealers in radio supplies if you do not wish to make one.

When soldering this set, use as little flux as possible, and be sure to avoid acids, as they corrode the wires. Solderall is a flux. It is cheaper and better to buy ready-made coils and flux than to try to make them. When using the amplifier with the receiver you must join the two with two pieces of copper wire from the phone posts on the receiver to the input posts on the amplifier, and use the posts at the extreme right-hand side for your horn. If a plug is used, the right-hand plug hole or the posts are for a horn connection, as the noise would be too loud for phones, but the phones can be plugged into either of the other two jacks.

The tuning operation of this set requires fine adjustment. The condenser dials must be turned till all the plates are out, and the plate switch—the one at the right, should be on the middle contact point. The tuning switch in the center must be placed on the center point, and the grid (left-hand) switch should be on the center contact. Then turn your rheostat until a hissing sound is reached. Next vary the center and left switches until you get the strongest signals. After that vary the right inductance switch and the left condenser until there is no distortion of the signals.

Never burn your tube filament too brilliantly.

You will need a 100-foot aerial for this set, and if used in cool weather, late at night, very distant stations may be tuned in. The writer had no difficulty in picking up Miami, Florida, from New York, with a home-made set built from the plan given above.

You can use the same "A" or filament battery for both receiver and amplifier, but require two 45-volt "B" batteries, one for the receiver and the other for the amplifier to be attached where specified. This set has been arranged so that the battery, ground and aerial leads go to the rear, in order to keep cumbersome wires away from the panel.

In our next number we will have a diagram and directions to build a Cockaday receiver and amplifier.

ANTENNA CANNOT SERVE TWO

One antenna will not serve two receiving sets, owing to the different characteristics of the receiving circuits and the difference in the wave lengths to which they are tuned. Two or more antennae can be erected on the same roof, but in such a case the wires should extend at right angles and about twenty feet away from each other. The characteristics of some circuits make them act as small transmitting sets as well as receiving, and the result is that the nearby antenna picks up interference radiated from the other wire.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESISTANCE

New tubes which have recently appeared on the market seem to have created considerable confusion in the mind of the average radio listener relative to the use of rheostats for proper control.

There are four tubes which require special consideration. They are the UV-201-A, UV-199, Cunningham 301-A and Cunningham 299. The UV-201-A and Cunningham 301-A are designed to operate with a six-volt storage battery in connection with a 4- to 6-ohm rheostat. However, a higher resistance rheostat will serve more efficiently to keep the filament voltage as low as is consistent. The UV-199 and the Cunningham 299 operate on three dry cells in series and require a 30-ohm rheostat. Practically all of the other tubes function with a standard 4- to 6-ohm rheostat and for that reason the majority of "A" battery rheostats on the market have a resistance of 4 to 6 ohms.

If the operator desires to use one of the three volt tubes in connection with a 4- to 6-ohm rheostat he can do so by adding a small variable 25-ohm resistance unit to the rheostat already on the set. This supplementary resistance transforms the 4- to 6-ohm rheostat to a 30-ohm rheostat. The supplementary unit can be connected between the negative terminal of the "A" battery and the rheostat. Resistance units of this type are now on the market.

A BIT OF ADVICE

When hooking up a set keep the grid leads as short as possible, and do not use acid to solder joints, as it slowly corrodes and ruins your wires.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

IT'S A BIG JOB FOR A BEE TO MAKE
A POUND OF HONEY

A Washington figure shark has estimated that to turn out one pound of honey, bees must have taken the nectar from more than 62,000 clover blossoms and that to accomplish this, there would be required same 2,750,000 visits to the blossoms by the bees. In other words, to collect sufficient nectar to make up one pound of honey a bee must proceed to hive, to flower and back again 2,750,000 times.

JAPANESE PEARLS INFERIOR

Something approaching consternation swept the London market when it became known that the Japanese were producing what were declared to be real pearls by introducing into one oyster a particle of mother-of-pearl sewn up in shell-producing tissue taken from another oyster. New York jewelers were not so readily driven into panic, and they now state that the unnatural stimulation induced by the method results in a pearl of distinctly inferior quality; held to the light, the difference is readily seen. The surface lacks the lustre and pinkish glow of the natural pearl; it has a dead, waxy appearance, and the texture is not so fine. As an additional precaution the X-ray is used; this never fails to differentiate the natural from the forced variety, and shows the nucleus of the latter to be large and solid instead of small and often hollow, as are the cores of natural pearls.

SWIMS LAKE ERIE IN 20 HOURS 15 MINUTES

Carbis A. Walker of Cleveland swam across Lake Erie, arriving at Lorain, Ohio, Aug. 2, at 5:30 A. M., from Point Pelee, on the Canadian shore, which he left at 9:15 A. M. Aug. 1. He roused himself from his exhaustion long enough to say:

"Never again!"

Walker, who represents the Cleveland Y. M. C. A., landed at Lorain just 20 hours and 15 minutes after he started. He had traveled thirty-three

miles in the water. A skiff manned by four watchers accompanied him.

The powerboat Argus, which also traveled part way with Walker, lost the swimmer when it left him to take a sick newspaper man to shore.

The fresh water swim sapped Walker's strength. His legs were partially and temporarily paralyzed. He slept exhausted on a cot in the United States Coast Guard Station here.

"We were without a compass," he said when aroused, "and during the day followed a course directed by the sun and depended upon the moon and stars last night."

"Once in the night I was on the verge of giving up. It was when we hit a heavy fog and lost track of the moon."

"But I was nearing my goal and, tired as I had grown, something within me spurred me on and we sighted Lorain lighthouse at 9:30. The battle was the toughest from there in. I had to fight a choppy sea and there seemed to be a strong current that wanted to pull me to the west."

"At daylight we were about three miles out of Lorain and a new determination to reach the goal arose. I seemed to get renewed strength and made good time from there on."

LAUGHS

"That's what I call a Judas kiss." "What's that?" "One from my wife, to see if I have been drinking."

Browne—Why did you refuse to shake hands with Smith? Towne—He's a great secret society man, and I was afraid I'd get the grip.

Customer—I paid fifteen cents for that last cigar you sold me, didn't I? Clerk—Yes, sir. Customer—Let me have one for about one thousand dollars.

"Men's promises," the young wife said, between sobs, "are like pie crust—" "That's tough," said the young husband, and then she got angry enough to cry.

Minnie—What frauds these beggars are! I met a "blind" man, who said "Please give me a penny, beautiful lady." Mamie—Yes, he said that to make you think he really was blind.

"That new manager seems to be a big gun," said the stenographer. "Yes; and he is quick-firing, too," said the cashier. "I have already received notice that my services are not wanted."

First robber (who formerly lived in a boarding-house)—Sh! These people must be rich. Second Robber—Why? First Robber—I went into the pantry and found a strawberry shortcake with strawberries in it!

Claude—I thought you were not going to pay more than \$50 for a wheel. Maud—I didn't mean to when I went into the store, but he said if I'd take the \$60 wheel he would let me have a dollar pump for 89 cents.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

HELP TO REFOREST EUROPE

Seeds from American trees are being sent to Europe to renew forests destroyed during the war. The American Forest Association has supplied 25,000,000 seeds from Pacific Coast trees to England alone. These include Douglas fir, Sitka spruce, and Western larch, which seem especially suited to climatic conditions there.

PALESTINE CENSUS

A recent census of Palestine shows that 10 per cent. of the population is Christian. The total population, 757,182 approximately, equals that of Boston. Seventy-nine per cent. of Mahometan and 11 per cent. Jews. Jerusalem and Tiberius have more Jews than other cities. In the former, out of 62,000, 34,000 are Hebrews. Nazareth has 7,525 inhabitants, nearly two-thirds of whom are Christians, and in Bethlehem Christians predominate, there being 5,830, with only 818 of Jews and Mahometans.

The principal seaport, Jaffa, has about 47,000 people, of whom there are 20,000 each of Jews and Mahometans and about 7,000 Christians. The other large centers of population are very largely Mahometan.

The *Palestine Weekly*, a Zionist organ, declares that according to Roman figures this country has supported a population of 7,000,000, which is legend and not fact. When one considers that the area of Palestine is about equal to that of Vermont and that it has about an equal amount of arable land, one questions seriously whether, with the highest development of her natural resources, it will be possible for Palestine ever to support a greatly augmented population. Vermont in 1920 counted 352,428 people within the State.

NEW 10,400-ACRE N. J. PARK

New Jersey's new 10,400-acre park at High Point, N. J., the gift of Colonel Anthony R. Kuser, was opened recently. The reservation is at the highest point of Sussex County, and is 1,806 feet above sea level, at the north end of Kittatinny range.

The park affords a splendid view over three states—New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York.

The park land includes Marcia Lake, the state's highest body of water. It also includes the residence built by Colonel and Mrs. Anthony R. Kuser of Bernardsville, a number of years ago. The Kusers have deeded this tract with the building to the state for recreation purposes.

Under an act of the legislature Governor Silzer appointed a High Point Park Commission, with Wayne Dumont of Paterson as chairman, and John J. Stanton as secretary, and this commission has taken over the property for the state, and had charge of the formal opening. There was a luncheon at 1 P. M., in charge of the Highway Point Park Commission.

The Kuser residence, which is turned over to the state with the tract, was built in 1911, and stands in the center of High Point Park. It con-

tains several large rooms and many small ones. There are other buildings on the estate, all of which will fit into the scheme of recreation development. The residence stands at an elevation of over 1,600 feet, the highest site of residential occupation in New Jersey.

High Point Park is easily reached by motor or by rail over the Erie to Port Jervis, or over the Susquehanna and Western Railroad to Sussex.

Another way is by the Lackawanna Railroad to Newton or Branchville, and by motor from these points to Sussex and from there to the park. The park is six miles by motor from Port Jervis.

A SALT INDUSTRY IN THE BAHAMAS

Salt City, one of the Bahamas, like Lot's wife, was turned into a pillar of salt. This little group of islands known as the British West Indies stretch lazily out on the blue waters of the Caribbean under a still bluer sky. One of them is now owned by John McCutcheon, the famous cartoonist, who bought this "treasure island in the tropics" as a honeymoon goal and has made it his permanent winter residence. The very last of this group, so small as to look like a pin point on the map, is Turks Island, of which Grand Turk is the largest. Ten miles away is Salt City, a little strip three miles long and about only three-quarters wide. Here is a salt industry which has been in the possession of an American family for many years.

The present ruler of this diminutive salt domain is W. B. Harriot; he and his family are the only white people on the island. It is like a feudal estate whose serfs are blacks. These three hundred and more inhabitants are all engaged in shipping salt for export trade.

The island is shaped like a shallow bowl. Huge pumps force sea water into the interior, where the sun evaporates the water and leaves a residue of salt. This is then collected, ground and shipped. Men and boys use varying shaped rakes to collect the salt from these ponds and load it into carts, when it is taken to the beach and deposited in pyramidal piles. After exposure the salt soon gets very hard and the men use pickaxes to break it up so that the women can fill the bags. These bags are then placed in carts and carried to the lighters and taken out to the ship; for, since even the beach is salt instead of sand, all vessels lie almost a mile from land. Each bag holds half a bushel and these are emptied and brought back for refilling, the salt being shipped in bulk.

The architecture of this salt island is unique. A two-story bungalow has its upper story made entirely of open shutters, while the entire first floor is filled with salt. The curious reason for this is that the salt serves as ballast and often keeps the whole house from blowing away in a sudden hurricane, which in these tropical islands happens along with the fickleness of an April

At Grand Turk the British Government also shower. ships fiber as well as salt. This town boasts a library, tennis courts; yes, and even a jail.

HERE AND THERE

CANNON-BALL IN TREE

While cutting down a tree on a farm near Blue Springs, Mo., Noah Russell and William Brown found a cannon-ball embedded in the trunk. It had apparently penetrated the trunk of the tree during the Civil War battle near Blue Springs and had whitened with age. The tree which died about two years ago had completely covered the cannon-ball and all evidence of its entrance.

FIRELESS RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE

It was in Germany that the fireless cook stove was perfected, and there is now, it is reported, on foot in France a plan to develop an efficient fireless railway locomotive. It is equipped with a boiler after the manner of other locomotives, but the water in it is heated to the necessary temperature from a stationary plant. Enough power can be stored in it to operate it four hours for switching purposes in a railway yard, and it does not, it is contended, take more than fifteen minutes to charge it.

A BED OF GIANT SCALLOPS

The discovery by the United States Bureau of Fisheries of an inexhaustible bed of giant scallops off the Atlantic coast was reported by Commissioner Hugh M. Smith to Secretary Redfield recently. It is said to extend all the way from Block Island to the Virginia Capes and appears to be thirty miles or more in width. William M. Welsh and Dr. Henry B. Bigelow, two of the bureau's scientists, who have just completed a trip from the New England coast to Norfolk in the Fish Commissioner's vessel, the *Crampus*, said that at each haul the dredge brought up from one to three bushels of scallops. Another trip is to be made at once to map out the bed, but from the information already secured the fisheries officers feel confident that a virtually inexhaustible supply of edible bivalves has been found. Heretofore the giant scallop had been found only in spots along the Maine coast, although the small variety is common.

3½-POUND BOTTLE RAISES 15 TONS

In a steel bottle thirteen inches long and weighing three and a half pounds, there is stored enough power to lift 30,000 pounds at one operation. Walter S. Josephson, a consulting engineer, has perfected this portable device which makes use of a highly expansible fluid. A demonstration was given recently in Long Island City when a ten-year-old girl turned a small screw on the bottle and let loose enough pressure to raise a truck weighing 11,500 pounds.

Many uses have been suggested for the power bottle. For emergency purposes it could be applied to a piston jack for lifting a street car off a victim several seconds after an accident. It will facilitate operations around terminals, wharves and freight yards when other and more expensive stationary machines are not at hand. An attachment is supplied to enable the inflation of tires.

"Our appliances expound no new principle in nature. They simply take advantage of an old one and adapt it to new uses. We propose to establish stations where our containers can be inexpensively charged and to sell them at popular prices. With one of these steel bottles a man could climb to the top of a mountain or carry to any part of the world in his pocket a power capable of lifting fifteen tons at one operation. He may, if he desires, hold the power for ten years before he draws any of it off, and he will find there has been no change in its efficiency all that time."

BENDS TACKS WITH TEETH

The average man thrown out of work when he was forty would probably twiddle his thumbs and sit on the veranda. But Peter Gluntz of Antwerp, Minn., was not an average man. He sat in the kitchen looking for opportunities. One day he noticed his wife having great difficulty hammering a tack straight.

Tack after tack was inserted in the oilcloth only to be knocked awry by his pretty young wife. Gluntz plucked out a number of these and examined them. Save for a slight bend in the middle the tacks were perfectly good. Gluntz went back to his chair, but an idea began to work in his busy brain. There must be millions of spoiled tacks like that that could be reused if properly straightened out. Why not?

But how? Other men would have stopped right there, but not Peter Gluntz. To think with him was to act.

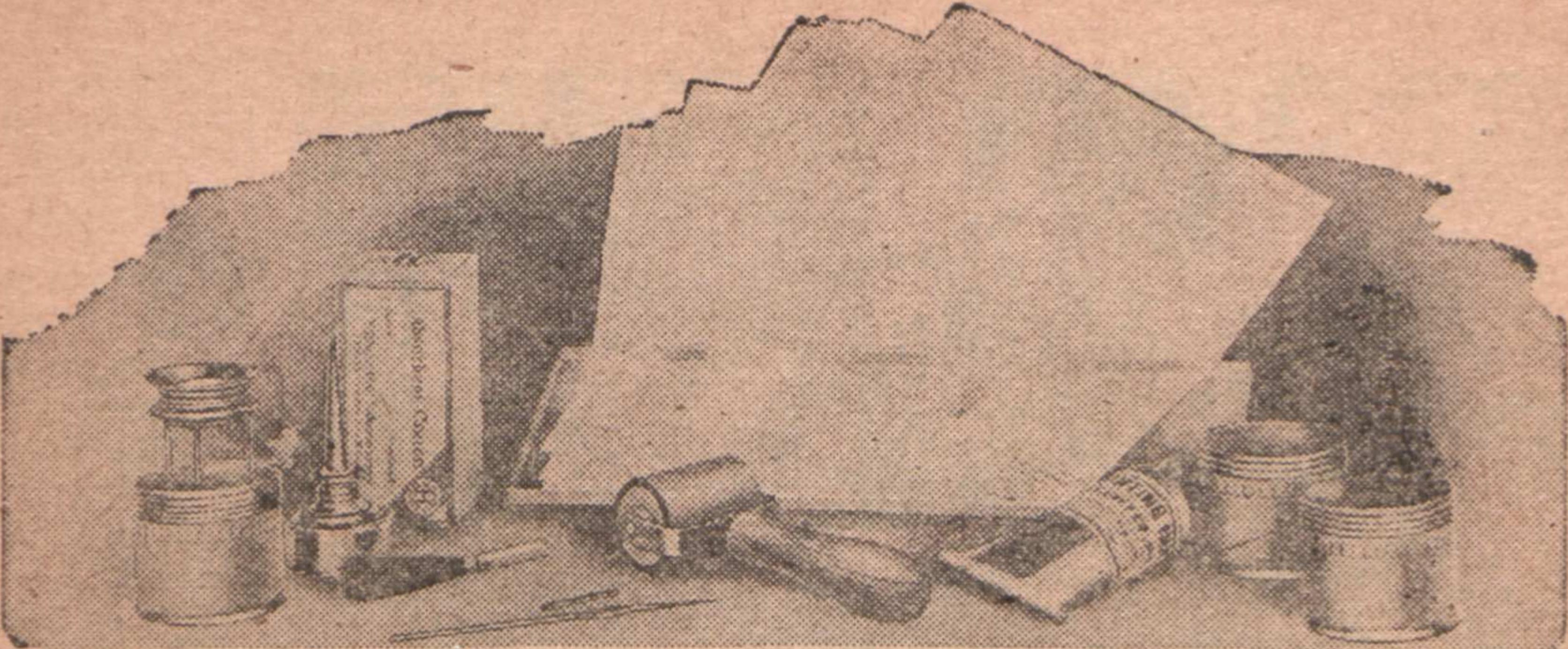
Gluntz had a wonderful set of plates made for him by a Kansas City dentist whom he had once saved from a bad scrape. Gluntz could crack nuts with his teeth. They never came out. That night he departed for Kansas City and had his friend cover the molars with steel. And thus was born a great new industry—tack straightening.

Gluntz had his den fitted out with a Morris chair and tack chute. At first only one tack could be straightened out at a time, but Gluntz was not discouraged. He set his teeth, resolved to succeed. Within a week he was gulping up mouthfuls of tacks at a time and discharging them straightened and ready for reuse into a crude, homemade tack carrier on the right.

Gluntz advertised for useless tacks all over the country. People were interested in the "Tack-head"—his trade name—and soon Gluntz had a big hill of tacks in his back yard. He converted his parlor into a shipping station for the straightened tacks and soon had salesmen on the road everywhere distributing his unusual product. The straightened tack, bearing the marks of Gluntz's teeth, was a self-seller.

There were obstacles, of course, such as fatigue of the jaws, blood poisoning and so on, but gradually he could afford to take months off at a time, leaving the business in the care of his wife, who by this time had also made a visit to the Kansas City dentist.

Gluntz has no children, so his only regret is that the business will have to pass into strange mouths.



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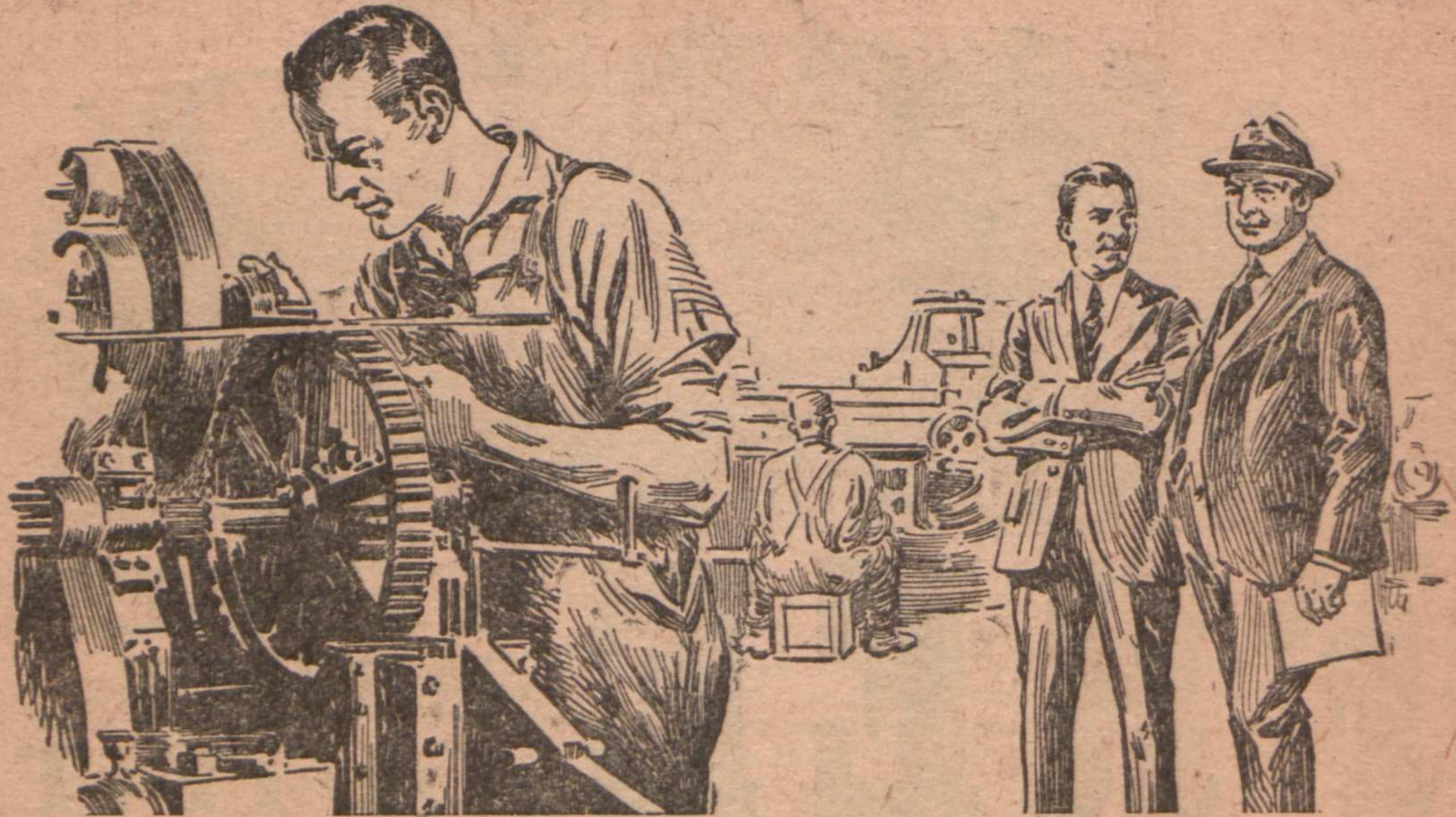
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"One day he came into my office and said he had worked out a new arm for the automatic feeder. I was a little skeptical at first, but when he started explaining to me, I could see that he had really discovered something. And when I started questioning him, I was amazed. He certainly did know what he was talking about.

"So we sat down and talked for over an hour. Finally, I asked him where he had learned so much about his work. He smiled and took a little book from his pocket.

"There's no secret about it," he said. "The answer's right here. Four months ago I saw one of those advertisements of the International Correspondence Schools. I had been seeing them for years, but this time something inside of

me said, *Send in that coupon*. It was the best move I ever made—I knew it the minute I started my first lesson. Before, I had been working in a sort of mental fog—just an automatic part of the machine in front of me. But the I. C. S. taught me to really understand what I was doing."

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WHAT
BECOMES OF
PINS?

It has been stated on what is supposed to be good authority that the world's total output of pins is at the rate of 200,000,000 a day. If so, it may seem surprising that the world isn't becoming carpeted with pins. We know how easily they are lost — where do they go to? Most of them decay into nothingness, for actually the pin is not such a time-defying article as it seems. Every pin dropped in a damp place soon turns into a few grains of rust. With new pins turned out by machinery in such immense numbers in this century they are not considered very valuable, but in the fourteenth century, when pins were first introduced they were valuable articles not to be lightly lost, recalls Everyday Science. An old law permitted the sale of pins on only two days in the year, the first and second of January. It was then the custom of all the womenfolk to buy their pins for the following 12 months. As is still customary they went to their husbands or fathers for the wherewithal, and hence the term "pin money."

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